THE

FORTUNES OF NIGEL.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "WAVERLEY, KENILWORTH," &c.

Knifegrinder. Story? Lord bless you! I have none to tell, sir.

POETRY OF THE ANTI-JACOBIN.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

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INTRODUCTORY EPISTLE.

CAPTAIN CLUTTERBUCK, TO THE REV. DR DRYASDUST.

Dear Sir,

I readily accept of, and reply to the civilities with which you have been pleased to honour me in your obliging letter, and entirely agree with your quotation, of "*Quam bonum et quam jucundum.*" We may indeed esteem ourselves as come of the same family, or, according to our country proverb, as being all one man's bairns; and there needed no apology on your part, reverend and dear sir, for demanding of me any information which I may be able to supply respecting the subject of your

curiosity. The interview which you allude to took place in the course of last winter, and is so deeply imprinted on my recollection, that it requires no effort to collect all its most minute details.

You are aware that the share which I had in introducing the Romance, called THE MONASTERY, to public notice, has given me a sort of character in the literature of our Scottish metropolis. I no longer stand in the outer shop of our bibliopolists, bargaining for the objects of my curiosity with an unrespective shop-lad, hustled among boys who come to buy Corderies and copy-books, and servant-girls cheapening a penny-worth of paper, but am cordially welcomed by the bibliopolist himself, with, "Pray, walk into the back-shop, Captain. Boy, get a chair for Captain Clutterbuck. There is the newspaper, Captain—to-day's paper—or here

is the last new work—there is a folder, make free with the leaves, or put it in your pocket and carry it home; or we will make a bookseller of you, sir, you shall have it at trade price." Or, perhaps, if it is the worthy trader's own publication, his liberality may even extend itself to—"Never mind booking such a trifle to *you*, sir—it is an over-copy. Pray, mention the work to your literary friends." I say nothing of the snug well-selected literary party arranged around a turbot, leg of five-year-old mutton, or some such gear, or of the circulation of a quiet bottle of Robert Cockburn's choicest black—or perhaps of his best blue, to quicken our talk about old books, or our plans for new ones. All these are comforts reserved to such as are freemen of the corporation of letters, and I have the advantage of enjoying them in perfection.

But all things change under the sun; and it is with no ordinary feelings of regret, that, in my annual visits to the metropolis, I now miss the social and warm-hearted welcome of the quick-witted and kindly friend who first introduced me to the public, who had more original wit than would have set up a dozen of professed sayers of good things, and more racy humour than would have made the fortune of as many more. To this great deprivation has been added, I trust for a time only, the loss of another bibliopolical friend, whose vigorous intellect, and liberal ideas, have not only rendered his native country the mart of her own literature, but established there a Court of Letters, which must command respect, even from those most inclined to dissent from many of its canons. The effect of these changes, operated in a great measure by the strong sense

and sagacious calculations of an individual, who knew how to avail himself, to an unhoped-for extent, of the various kinds of talent which his country produced, will probably appear more clearly to the generation which shall follow the present.

I entered the shop at the Cross, to inquire after the health of my worthy friend, and learned with satisfaction that his residence in the south had abated the rigour of the symptoms of his disorder. Availing myself, then, of the privileges to which I have alluded, I strolled onwards in that labyrinth of small dark rooms, or *crypts*, to speak our own antiquarian language, which form the extensive back-settlements of that celebrated publishing house. Yet, as I proceeded from one obscure recess to another, filled, some of them with old volumes, some with such as, from the equality of

their rank on the shelves, I suspected to be the less saleable modern books of the concern, I could not help feeling a holy horror creep upon me, when I thought of the risk of intruding on some ecstatic bard giving vent to his poetical fury; or, it might be, on the yet more formidable privacy of a band of critics, in the act of worrying the game which they had just run down. In such a supposed case, I felt by anticipation the horrors of the Highland seers, whom their gift of Deuteroscopy compels to witness things unmeet for mortal eye; and who, to use the expression of Collins,

——— "heartless, oft, like moody madness, stare,
To see the phantom train their secret work prepare."

Still, however, the irresistible impulse of an undefined curiosity drove me on through this succession of darksome cham-

bers, till, like the jeweller of Delhi in the house of the magician Bennaskar, I at length reached a vaulted room, dedicated to secrecy and silence, and beheld, seated by a lamp, and employed in reading a blotted *revise*, the person, or perhaps I should rather say the Eidolon, or Representative Vision, of the Author of Waverley! You will not be surprised at the filial instinct which enabled me at once to acknowledge the features borne by this venerable apparition, and that I at once bended the knee, with the classical salutation of, *Salve, magne parens!* The vision, however, cut me short, by pointing to a seat, and intimating that my presence was not unexpected, and that he had something to say to me.

I sate down with humble obedience, and endeavoured to note the features of him with whom I now found myself so

unexpectedly in society. But on this point I can give your reverence no satisfaction; for, besides the obscurity of the apartment, and the fluttered state of my own nerves, I seemed to myself overwhelmed by a sense of filial awe, which prevented my noting and recording what it is probable the personage before me might most desire to have concealed. Indeed, his figure was so closely veiled and wimpled, either with a mantle, morning-gown, or some such loose garb, that the verses of Spenser might well have been applied—

> "Yet, certes, by her face and physnomy,
> Whether she man or woman only were,
> That could not any creature well descry."

I must, however, proceed as I have begun, to apply the masculine gender; for, notwithstanding very ingenious reasons,

and indeed something like positive evidence, have been offered to prove the Author of Waverley to be two ladies of talent—I abide by the general opinion, that he is of the rougher sex. There are in his writings too many things

"Quæ maribus sola tribuuntur,"

to permit me to entertain any doubt on that subject. I will proceed, in the manner of dialogue, to repeat as nearly as I can what passed betwixt us, only observing, that in the course of the conversation, my timidity imperceptibly gave way under the familiarity of his address; and, latterly, I perhaps argued with fully as much confidence as was beseeming.

Author of Waverley. I was willing to see you, Captain Clutterbuck, being the person of my family whom I have most regard for, since the death of Jedediah

Cleishbotham; and I am afraid I may have done you some wrong, in assigning to you the Monastery as a portion of my effects. I have some thoughts of making it up to you, by naming you godfather to this yet unborn babe—(he indicated the proof-sheet with his finger)—But first, touching The Monastery—How says the world—you are abroad, and can learn?

Captain Clutterbuck. Hem! hem! The inquiry is delicate—I have not heard any complaints from the Publishers.

Author. That is the principal matter; but yet an indifferent work is sometimes towed on by those which have left harbour before it, with the breeze in their poop. What say the Critics?

Captain. There is a general—feeling—that the White Lady is no favourite.

Author. I think she is a failure myself; but rather in execution than conception.

Could I have evoked an *esprit follet*, at the same time fantastic and interesting, capricious and kind; a sort of wildfire of the elements, bound by no fixed laws, or motives of action; faithful and fond, yet teazing and uncertain——

Captain. If you will pardon the interruption, sir, I think you are describing a pretty woman.

Author. On my word, I believe I am. I must invest my elementary spirits with a little human flesh and blood—they are too fine-drawn for the present taste of the public.

Captain. They object too, that the object of your Nixie ought to have been more uniformly noble—her ducking the priest was no naiad-like amusement.

Author. Ah! they ought to allow for the capricios of what is after all but a better sort of goblin. The bath into which

Ariel, the most delicate creation of Shakespeare's imagination, seduces our jolly friend Trinculo, was not of amber or rose-water. But no one shall find me rowing against the stream. I care not who knows it—I write for the public amusement; and though I never will aim at popularity by what I think unworthy means, I will not, on the other hand, be pertinacious in the defence of my own errors against the voice of the public.

Captain. You abandon then, in the present work—(looking in my turn towards the proof-sheet)—the mystic, and the magical, and the whole system of signs, wonders, and omens? There are no dreams, or presages, or obscure allusions to future events?

Author. Not a Cock-lane scratch, my son—not one bounce on the drum of Tedworth—not so much as the poor tick

of a solitary death-watch in the wains-coat. All is clear and above board—a Scotch metaphysician might believe every word of it.

Captain. And the story is, I hope, natural and probable; commencing strikingly, proceeding naturally, ending happily, like the course of a famed river which gushes from the mouth of some obscure and romantic grotto—then gliding on, never pausing, never precipitating, visiting, as it were by natural instinct, whatever worthy subjects of interest are presented by the country through which it passes—widening and deepening in interest as it flows on; and at length arriving at the final catastrophe as at some mighty haven, where ships of all kinds strike sail and yard.

Author. Hey! hey! what the deuce is all this? Why 'tis Ercles' vein, and it

would require some one much more like Hercules than me, to produce a story which should gush, and glide, and never pause, and visit, and widen, and deepen, and all the rest on't. I should be chin-deep in the grave, man, before I was done with my task; and, in the meanwhile, all the quirks and quiddits which I might have devised for my reader's amusement, would lie rotting in my gizzard, like Sancho's suppressed witticisms when he was under his master's displeasure. There never was a novel written on this plan while the world stood.

Captain. Pardon me—Tom Jones.

Author. True, and perhaps Amelia also. Fielding had high notions of the dignity of an art which he may be considered as having founded. He challenges a comparison between the Novel and the Epic. Smollett, Le Sage, and others,

emancipating themselves from the strictness of the rules he has laid down, have written rather a history of the miscellaneous adventures which befall an individual in the course of life, than the plot of a regular and connected epopeia, where every step brings us a point nearer to the final catastrophe. These great masters have been satisfied if they amused the reader upon the road, though the conclusion only arrived because the tale must have an end, just as the traveller alights at the inn because it is evening.

Captain. A very commodious mode of travelling, for the author at least. In short, sir, you are of opinion with Bayes,—"What the devil does the plot signify, except to bring in fine things?"

Author. Grant that I were so, and that I should write with sense and spirit a few scenes, unlaboured and loosely put toge-

ther, but which had sufficient interest in them to amuse in one corner the pain of body; in another, to relieve anxiety of mind; in a third place, to unwrinkle a brow bent with the furrows of daily toil; in another, to fill the place of bad thoughts, or to suggest better; in yet another, to induce an idler to study the history of his country; in all, save where the perusal interrupted the discharge of serious duties, to furnish harmless amusement,—might not the author of such a work, however inartificially executed, plead for his errors and negligences the excuse of the slave who was about to be punished for having spread the false report of a victory,—"Am I to blame, O Athenians, who have given you one happy day?"

Captain. Will your goodness permit me to mention an anecdote of my excellent grandmother?

Author. I see little she can have to do with the subject, Captain Clutterbuck.

Captain. It may come into our dialogue on Bayes's plan. The sagacious old lady, rest her soul, was a good friend to the church, and could never hear a minister maligned by evil tongues, without taking his part warmly. There was one fixed point, however, at which she always abandoned the cause of her reverend *protegé*—it was so soon as she learned he had preached a regular sermon against slanderers and backbiters.

Author. And what is that to the purpose?

Captain. Only that I have heard engineers say, that one may betray the weak point to the enemy, by too much ostentation of fortifying it.

Author. And, once more I pray, what is that to the purpose?

Captain. Nay then, without farther metaphor, I am afraid this new production, in which your generosity seems willing to give me some concern, will stand much in need of apology, since you think proper to begin your defence before the case is on trial. The story is hastily huddled up, I will venture a pint of claret.

Author. A pint of port, I suppose you mean?

Captain. I say of claret—good claret of the Monastery. Ah, sir, would you but take the advice of your friends, and try to deserve at least one-half of the public favour you have met with, we might all drink Tokay!

Author. I care not what I drink, so the liquor be wholesome.

Captain. Care for your reputation then—for your fame.

Author. My fame?—I will answer you

as a very ingenious, able, and experienced friend, when counsel for the notorious Jem MacCoul, replied to the opposite side of the bar, when they laid weight on his client's refusing to answer certain queries, which they said any man who had a regard for his reputation would not hesitate to reply to. "My client," said he—by the way, Jem was standing behind him at the time, and a rich scene it was—"is so unfortunate as to have no regard for his reputation; and I should deal very uncandidly with the Court, should I say he had any that was worth his attention." I am, though from very different reasons, in Jem's happy state of indifference. Let fame follow those who have a substantial shape. A shadow—and an impersonal author is nothing better—can cast no shade.

Captain. You are not now, perhaps, so impersonal as heretofore. These Let-

ters to the Member for the University of Oxford——

Author. Shew the wit, genius, and delicacy of the author, which I heartily wish to see engaged on a subject of more importance; and shew, besides, that the preservation of my character of *incognito* has engaged early talent in the discussion of a curious question of evidence. But a cause, however ingeniously pleaded, is not therefore gained. You may remember, the neatly-wrought chain of circumstantial evidence, so artificially brought forward to prove Sir Philip Francis's title to the Letters of Junius, seemed at first irrefragable; yet the influence of the reasoning has passed away, and Junius, in the general opinion, is as much unknown as ever. But on this subject I will not be soothed or provoked into saying one word more. To say who I am not, would be

one step towards saying who I am; and as I desire not, any more than a certain justice of peace mentioned by Shenstone, the noise or report such things make in the world, I shall continue to be silent on a subject, which, in my opinion, is very undeserving the rout that has been made about it, and still more unworthy of the serious employment of such ingenuity as has been displayed by the young letter-writer.

Captain. But allowing, my dear sir, that you care not for your personal reputation, or for that of any literary person upon whose shoulders your faults may be visited, allow me to say, that common gratitude to the public, who have received you so kindly, and to the critics, who have treated you so leniently, ought to induce you to bestow more pains on your story.

Author. I do entreat you, my son, as

Dr. Johnson would have said, "free your mind from cant." For the critics, they have their business, and I mine; as the nursery proverb goes—

> "The children in Holland take pleasure in making
> What the children in England take pleasure in breaking."

I am their humble jackall, too busy in providing food for them, to have time for considering whether they swallow or reject it.—To the public, I stand pretty nearly in the relation of the postman who leaves a packet at the door of an individual. If it contains pleasing intelligence, a billet from a mistress, a letter from an absent son, a remittance from a correspondent supposed to be bankrupt,—the letter is acceptably welcome, and read and re-read, folded up, filed, and safely deposited in the bureau. If the contents are disagreeable, if it comes from a dun or from a bore, the correspond-

ent is cursed, the letter is thrown into the fire, and the expence of postage is heartily regretted; while all the while the bearer of the dispatches is, in either case, as little thought on as the snow of last Christmas. The utmost extent of kindness between the author and the public which can really exist, is, that the world are disposed to be somewhat indulgent to the succeeding works of an original favourite, were it but on account of the habit which the public mind has acquired; while the author very naturally thinks well of *their* taste, who have so liberally applauded *his* productions. But I deny there is any call for gratitude, properly so called, either on one side or the other.

Captain. Respect to yourself, then, ought to teach caution.

Author. Ay, if caution could augment

the chance of my success. But, to confess to you the truth, the works and passages in which I have succeeded, have uniformly been written with the greatest rapidity; and when I have seen some of these placed in opposition with others, and commended as more highly finished, I could appeal to pen and standish, that the parts in which I have come feebly off, were by much the more laboured. Besides, I doubt the beneficial effect of too much delay, both on account of the author and the public. A man should strike while the iron is hot, and hoist sail while the wind is fair. If a successful author keeps not the stage, another instantly takes his ground. If a writer lies by for ten years ere he produces a second work, he is superseded by others; or, if the age is so poor of genius that this does not happen, his own reputation becomes his greatest

obstacle. The public will expect the new work to be ten times better than its predecessor; the author will expect it should be ten times more popular, and 'tis a hundred to ten that both are disappointed.

Captain. This may justify a certain degree of rapidity in publication, but not that which is proverbially said to be no speed. You should take time at least to arrange your story.

Author. That is a sore point with me, my son. Believe me, I have not been fool enough to neglect ordinary precautions. I have repeatedly laid down my future work to scale, divided it into volumes and chapters, and endeavoured to construct a story which I meant should evolve itself gradually and strikingly, maintain suspense, and stimulate curiosity; and which, finally, should terminate in a striking catastrophe. But I think there is a

dæmon who seats himself on the feather of my pen when I begin to write, and leads it astray from the purpose. Characters expand under my hand; incidents are multiplied; the story lingers, while the materials increase; my regular mansion turns out a Gothic anomaly, and the work is complete long before I have attained the point I proposed.

Captain. Resolution and determined forbearance might remedy that evil.

Author. Alas, my dear sir, you do not know the force of paternal affection.—When I light on such a character as Bailie Jarvie, or Dalgetty, my imagination brightens, and my conception becomes clearer at every step which I make in his company, although it leads me many a weary mile away from the regular road, and forces me to leap hedge and ditch to get back into the route again. If I resist

the temptation, as you advise me, my thoughts become prosy, flat, and dull; I write painfully to myself, and under a consciousness of flagging which makes me flag still more; the sunshine with which fancy had invested the incidents, departs from them, and leaves every thing dull and gloomy. I am no more the same author, than the dog in a wheel, condemned to go round and round for hours, is like the same dog merrily chasing his own tail, and gambolling in all the frolic of unrestrained freedom. In short, sir, on such occasions, I think I am bewitched.

Captain. Nay, sir, if you plead sorcery, there is no more to be said—he must needs go whom the devil drives. And this, I suppose, sir, is the reason why you do not make the theatrical attempt to which you have been so often urged?

Author. It may pass for one good rea-

son for not writing a play, that I cannot form a plot. But the truth is, that the idea adopted by too favourable judges, of my having some aptitude for that department of poetry, has been much founded on those scraps of old plays, which, being taken from a source inaccessible to collectors, they have hastily considered the offspring of my mother-wit. Now, the manner in which I became possessed of these fragments is so extraordinary, that I cannot help telling it to you.

You must know, that some twenty years since, I went down to visit an old friend in Worcestershire, who had served with me in the —— Dragoons.

Captain. Then you *have* served, sir?

Author. I have—or I have not, which signifies the same thing—Captain is a good travelling name.—I found my friend's house unexpectedly crowded with guests,

and, as usual, was condemned—the mansion being an old one—to the *haunted apartment*. I have, as a great modern said, seen too many ghosts to believe in them, so betook myself seriously to my repose, lulled by the wind rustling among the lime-trees, the branches of which chequered the moonlight which fell on the floor through the diamonded casement, when, behold, a darker shadow interposed itself, and I beheld visibly on the floor of the apartment——

Captain. The White Lady of Avenel, I suppose?—You have told the very story before.

Author. No—I beheld a female form with round mob-cap, bib, and apron, sleeves tucked up to the elbow, a dredging-box in the one hand, and in the other a sauce-ladle. I concluded, of course, that it was my friend's cook-maid walk-

ing in her sleep; and as I knew he had a value for Sally, who could toss a pancake with any girl in the county, I got up to conduct her safely to the door. But as I approached her, she said—"Hold, sir! I am not what you take me for;"—words which seemed so apposite to the circumstances, that I should not have much minded them, had it not been for the peculiarly hollow sound in which they were uttered.—"Know then," she said in the same unearthly accents, "that I am the spirit of Betty Barnes."—"Who hanged herself for love of the stage-coachman," thought I; "this is a proper spot of work."—"Of that unhappy Elizabeth or Betty Barnes, long cook-maid to Mr Warburton the painful collector, but ah! the too careless custodier of the largest collection of ancient plays ever known—

of most of which the titles only are left to gladden the Prologomena of the Variorum Shakespeare. Yes, stranger, it was these ill-fated hands that consigned to grease and conflagration the scores of small quartos, which, did they now exist, would drive the whole Roxburghe Club out of their senses—it was these unhappy pickers and stealers that singed fat fowls and wiped dirty trenchers with the lost works of Beaumont and Fletcher, Massinger, Jonson, Webster—what shall I say?—even of Shakespeare himself."

Like every dramatic antiquary, my ardent curiosity, after some play named in the Book of the Master of Revels, had often been checked by finding the object of my research numbered amongst the holocaust of victims which this unhappy woman had sacrificed to the God of Good

Cheer. It is no wonder then, that, like the Hermit of Parnell,

> I broke the bands of fear, and madly cried,
> 'You careless jade!'—But scarce the words began,
> When Betty brandish'd high her saucing-pan.

"Beware," she said, "you do not, by your ill-timed anger, cut off the opportunity I yet have to indemnify the world for the errors of my ignorance. In yonder coal-hole, not used for many a year, repose the few greasy and blackened fragments of the elder Drama which were not totally destroyed. Do thou then"—Why, what do you stare at, Captain? By my soul, it is true; as my friend Major Longbow says, "what should I tell you a lie for?"

Captain. Lie, sir! Nay, heaven forbid I should apply the word to a person so veracious. You are only inclined to chase your tail a little this morning, that's all.

Had you not better reserve this legend to form an introduction to "Three recovered Dramas," or so?

Author. You are quite right—habit's a strange thing, my son. I had forgot whom I was speaking to. Yes, Plays for the closet, not for the stage—

Captain. Right, and so you are sure to be acted; for the managers, while thousands of volunteers are desirous of serving them, are wonderfully partial to pressed men.

Author. I am a living witness, having been, like a second Laberius, made a dramatist whether I would or not. I believe my muse would be *Terry*fied into treading the stage, even if I should write a sermon.

Captain. Truly, if you did, I am afraid folks might make a farce of it; and, therefore, should you change your style, I still

advise a volume of dramas like Lord Byron's.

Author. No, his lordship is a cut above me—I won't run my horse against his, if I can help myself. But there is my friend Allan has written just such a play as I might write myself, in a very sunny day, and with one of Bramah's extra patent-pens. I cannot make neat work without such appurtenances.

Captain. Do you mean Allan Ramsay?

Author. No, nor Barbara Allan either. I mean Allan Cunningham, who has just published his tragedy of Sir Marmaduke Maxwell, full of merry-making and murdering, kissing and cutting of throats, and passages which lead to nothing, and which are very pretty passages for all that. Not a glimpse of probability is there about the plot, but so much animation in particular passages, and such a

vein of poetry through the whole, as I dearly wish I could infuse into my Culinary Remains, should I ever be tempted to publish them. With a popular impress, people would read and admire the beauties of Allan—as it is, they may perhaps only note his defects—or, what is worse, not note him at all. But never mind them, honest Allan; you are a credit to Caledonia for all that.—There are some lyrical effusions of his too, which you would do well to read, Captain. "It's hame, and it's hame," is equal to Burns.

Captain. I will take the hint. The club at Kennaquhair are turned fastidious since Catalani visited the Abbey. My "Poortith Cauld" has been received both poorly and coldly, and "the Banks of Bonnie Doon" have been positively coughed down—*Tempora mutantur.*

Author. They cannot stand still, they will change with all of us. What then?

"A man's a man for a' that."

But the hour of parting approaches.

Captain. You are determined to proceed then in your own system? Are you aware that an unworthy motive may be assigned for this rapid succession of publication? You will be supposed to work merely for the lucre of gain.

Author. Supposing that I did permit the great advantages which must be derived from success in literature, to join with other motives in inducing me to come more frequently before the public,—that emolument is the voluntary tax which the public pays for a certain species of literary amusement—it is extorted from no one, and paid, I presume, by those only who can afford it, and who

receive gratification in proportion to the expense. If the capital sum which these volumes have put into circulation be a very large one, has it contributed to my indulgences only? or can I not say to hundreds, from honest Duncan the paper manufacturer, to the most snivelling of the printer's devils, "Didst thou not share? Hadst thou not fifteen pence?" I profess I think our modern Athens much obliged to me for having established such an extensive manufacture; and when universal suffrage comes in fashion, I intend to stand for a seat in the House on the interest of all the unwashed artificers connected with literature.

Captain. This would be called the language of a calico-manufacturer.

Author. Cant again, my dear son—there is lime in this sack too—nothing but sophistication in this world! I do say it, in spite of Adam Smith and his follow-

ers, that a successful author is a productive labourer, and that his works constitute as effectual a part of the public wealth, as that which is created by any other manufacture. If a new commodity, having an actually intrinsic and commercial value, be the result of the operation, why are the author's bales of books to be esteemed a less profitable part of the public stock than the goods of any other manufacturer? I speak with reference to the diffusion of the wealth arising to the public, and the degree of industry which even such a trifling work as the present must stimulate and reward, before the volumes leave the publisher's shop. Without me it could not exist, and to this extent I am a benefactor to the country. As for my own emolument, it is won by my toil, and I account myself answerable to Heaven only for the mode in which I expend it. The candid may hope

it is not all dedicated to selfish purposes; and, without much pretensions to merit in him who expends it, a part may "wander, heaven-directed, to the poor."

Captain. Yet it is generally held base to write, from the mere motive of gain.

Author. It would be base to do so exclusively, or even to make it a principal motive of literary exertion. Nay, I will venture to say, that no work of imagination, proceeding from the mere consideration of a certain sum of copy-money, ever did, or ever will, succeed. So the lawyer who pleads, the soldier who fights, the physician who prescribes, the clergyman—if such there be—who preaches, without any zeal for their profession, or without any sense of its dignity, and merely on account of their fee, pay, or stipend, degrade themselves to the rank of sordid mechanics. Accordingly, in the

case of two of the learned faculties at least, their services are considered as unappreciable, and are acknowledged not by any exact estimate of the services rendered, but by a *honorarium*, or voluntary acknowledgment. But let a client or patient make the experiment of omitting this little ceremony of the *honorarium*, which is *censé* to be a thing entirely out of consideration between them, and mark how the learned gentleman will look upon his case. Cant set apart, it is the same thing with literary emolument. No man of sense, in any rank of life, is, or ought to be, above accepting a just recompence for his time, and a reasonable share of the capital which owes its very existence to his exertions. When Czar Peter wrought in the trenches, he took the pay of a common soldier; and nobles, statesmen, and divines, the most distin-

guished of their time, have not scorned to square accounts with their bookseller.

Captain. (*Sings.*)

> O if it were a mean thing,
> The gentles would not use it;
> And if it were ungodly,
> The clergy would refuse it.

Author. You say well. But no man of honour, genius, or spirit, would make the mere love of gain the chief, far less the only, purpose of his labours. For myself, I am not displeased to find the game a winning one; yet while I pleased the public, I should probably continue it merely for the pleasure of playing; for I have felt as strongly as most folks that love of composition, which is perhaps the strongest of all instincts, driving the author to the pen, the painter to the pallet, often without either the chance of fame or the prospect of reward. Perhaps I have said too much of this. I might perhaps, with

as much truth as most people, exculpate myself from the charge of being either of a greedy or mercenary disposition; but I am not, therefore, hypocrite enough to disclaim the ordinary motives, on account of which the whole world around me is toiling unremittingly, to the sacrifice of ease, comfort, health, and life. I do not affect the disinterestedness of that ingenious association of gentlemen mentioned by Goldsmith, who sold their magazine for sixpence a-piece, merely for their own amusement.

Captain. I have but one thing more to hint.—The world say you will run yourself out.

Author. The world say true; and what then? When they dance no longer, I will no longer pipe; and I shall not want flappers enough to remind me of the apoplexy.

Captain. And what will become of us then, your poor family? We shall fall into contempt and oblivion.

Author. Like many a poor fellow, already overwhelmed with the number of his family, I cannot help going on to increase it—"'Tis my vocation, Hal."—Such of you as deserve oblivion—perhaps the whole of you—may be consigned to it. At any rate, you have been read in your day, which is more than can be said of some of your contemporaries, of less fortune and more merit. They cannot say but what you *had* the crown. As for myself, I shall always deserve, at least, the unwilling tribute which Johnson paid to Churchill, when he said, though the fellow's genius was a tree which bore only crabs, yet it was prolific, and had plenty of fruit, such as it was. It is always something to have engaged the public atten-

tion for seven years. Had I only written Waverley, I should have long since been, according to the established phrase, "the ingenious author of a novel much admired at the time." I believe, on my soul, that the reputation of Waverley is sustained very much by the praises of those, who may be inclined to prefer that tale to its successors.

Captain. You are willing, then, to barter future reputation for present popularity?

Author. *Meliora spero.* Horace himself expected not to survive in all his works—I may hope to live in some of mine;—*non omnis moriar*. It is some consolation to reflect, that the best authors in all countries have been the most voluminous; and it has often happened, that those who have been best received in their own time, have also continued to be ac-

ceptable to posterity. I do not think so ill of the present generation, as to suppose that its present favour necessarily infers future condemnation.

Captain. Were all to act on such principles, the public would be inundated.

Author. Once more, my dear son, beware of cant. You speak as if the public were obliged to read books merely because they are printed—your friends the booksellers would thank you to make the proposition good. The most serious grievance attending such inundations as you talk of is, that they make rags dear. The multiplicity of publications does the present age no harm, and may greatly advantage that which is to succeed us.

Captain. I do not see how that is to happen.

Author. The complaints in the time of Elizabeth and James, of the alarming

fertility of the press, were as loud as they are at present—yet look at the shore over which the inundation of that age flowed, and it resembles now the Rich Strand of the Faery Queen—

——— Bestrew'd all with rich aray,
Of pearl and precious stones of great assay;
And all the gravel mix'd with golden ore.

Believe me, that even in the most neglected works of the present age, the next may discover treasures.

Captain. Some books will defy all alchemy.

Author. They will be but few in number; since, as for writers, who are possessed of no merit at all, unless indeed they publish their works at their own expense, like Sir Richard Blackmore, their power of annoying the public will be soon limited by the difficulty of finding undertaking booksellers.

Captain. You are incorrigible. Are there no bounds to your audacity?

Author. There are the sacred and eternal boundaries of honour and virtue. My course is like the enchanted chamber of Britomart—

> Where as she look'd about, she did behold
> How over that same door was likewise writ,
> *Be Bold—Be Bold,* and every where *Be Bold.*
> Whereat she mused, and could not construe it;
> At last she spied at that room's upper end
> Another iron door, on which was writ—
> Be not too Bold.

Captain. Well, you must take the risk of proceeding on your own principles.

Author. Do you act on yours, and take care you do not stay idling here till the dinner hour is over.—I will add this work to your patrimony, *valeat quantum.*

Here our dialogue terminated; for a little sooty-faced Apollyon from the Canongate came to demand the proof-sheet

on the part of Mr M'Corkindale; and I heard Mr C. rebuking Mr F. in another compartment of the same labyrinth I have described, for suffering any one to penetrate so far into the *penetralia* of their temple.

I leave it to you to form your own opinion concerning the import of this dialogue, and I cannot but believe I shall meet the wishes of our common parent in prefixing this letter to the work which it concerns.

I am, reverend and dear Sir,
Very sincerely and affectionately
Yours, &c. &c.

CUTHBERT CLUTTERBUCK.

Kennaquhair, 1*st April*, 1822.

THE

FORTUNES OF NIGEL.

VOL. I.



THE

FORTUNES OF NIGEL.

CHAPTER I.

Now Scot and English are agreed,
And Saunders hastes to cross the Tweed,
Where, such the splendours that attend him,
His very mother scarce had kenn'd him.
His metamorphosis behold,
From Glasgow frieze to cloth of gold;
His back-sword with the iron hilt,
To rapier fairly hatch'd and gilt;
Was ever seen a gallant braver!
His very bonnet's grown a beaver.

The Reformation.

THE long-continued hostilities which had for centuries divided the south and the north divisions of the Island of Britain, had been happily terminated by the succession of the pacific James I. to the English crown. But although the united crown of England and Scotland was worn by the same individual, it required a long lapse of time, and the succession of more than one gene-

ration, ere the inveterate national prejudices which had so long existed betwixt the sister kingdoms were removed, and the subjects of either side of the Tweed brought to regard those upon the other bank as friends and as brethren.

These prejudices were, of course, most inveterate during the reign of King James. The English subjects accused him of partiality to those of his ancient kingdom; while the Scots, with equal injustice, charged him with having forgotten the land of his nativity, and with neglecting those early friends to whose allegiance he had been so much indebted.

The temper of the King, peaceable even to timidity, inclined him perpetually to interfere as mediator amongst the contending factions, whose brawls disturbed the court. But notwithstanding all his precautions, historians have recorded many instances where the mutual hatred of two nations, who, after being enemies for a thousand years, had been so very recently united, broke forth with a fury which menaced a general convulsion; and, spreading from the highest to the lowest classes, as it occasioned debates in council and parliament, factions in the

court, and duels among the gentry, was no less productive of riots and brawls amongst those of the lower orders.

While these heart-burnings were at the highest, there flourished in the city of London an ingenious, but whimsical and self-opinioned mechanic, much devoted to abstract studies, David Ramsay by name, who, whether recommended by his great skill in his profession, as the courtiers alleged, or, as was murmured among his neighbours, by his birth-place, in the good town of Dalkeith, near Edinburgh, held in James's household the post of maker of watches and horologes to his Majesty. He scorned not, however, to keep open shop within Temple-Bar, a few yards to the eastward of Saint Dunstan's Church.

The shop of a London tradesman at that time, as it may be supposed, was something very different from those we now see in the same locality. The goods were exposed to sale in cases, only defended from the weather by a covering of canvas, and the whole resembled the stalls and booths now erected for the temporary accommodation of dealers at a country fair, rather than the

established emporium of a respectable citizen. But most of the shopkeepers of note, and David Ramsay amongst others, had their booth connected with a small apartment which opened backward from it, and bore the same resemblance to the front shop that Robinson Crusoe's cavern did to the tent which he erected before it. To this Master Ramsay was often accustomed to retreat to the labour of his abstruse calculations; for he aimed at improvement and discoveries in his own art, and sometimes pushed his researches, like Napier, and other mathematicians of the period, into abstract science. When thus engaged, he left the outer posts of his commercial establishment to be maintained by two stout-bodied and strong-voiced apprentices, who kept up the cry of, "What d'ye lack? what d'ye lack?" accompanied with the appropriate recommendations of the articles in which they dealt. This direct and personal application for custom to those who chanced to pass by, is now, we believe, limited to Monmouth Street, (if it still exists even in that repository of ancient garments,) under the guardianship of the scattered remnant of Israel. But, at the time we are speaking of, it was practised alike by

Jew and Gentile, and served, instead of all our present newspaper puffs and advertisements, to solicit the attention of the public in general, and of friends in particular, to the unrivalled excellence of the goods, which they offered to sale upon such easy terms, that it might fairly appear that the venders had rather a view to the general service of the public, than to their own particular advantage.

The verbal proclaimers of the excellence of their commodities, had this advantage over those who, in the present day, use the public papers for the same purpose, that they could in many cases adapt their address to the peculiar appearance and apparent taste of the passengers. [This, as we have said, was also the case in Monmouth Street in our remembrance. We have ourselves been reminded of the deficiencies of our femoral habiliments, and exhorted upon that score to fit ourselves more beseemingly; but this is a digression.] This direct and personal mode of invitation to customers became, however, a dangerous temptation to the young wags who were employed in the task of solicitation during the absence of the principal person interested in the traffic; and, con-

fiding in their numbers and civic union, the 'prentices of London were often seduced into taking liberties with the passengers, and exercising their wit at the expence of those whom they had no hopes of converting into customers by their eloquence. If this was resented by any act of violence, the inmates of each shop were ready to pour forth in succour; and, in the words of an old song which Dr Johnson was used to hum,—

> "Up then rose the 'prentices all,
> Living in London, both proper and tall."

Desperate riots often arose on such occasions, especially when the Templars, or other youths connected with the aristocracy, were insulted, or conceived themselves to be so. Upon such occasions, bare steel was frequently opposed to the clubs of the citizens, and death frequently ensued on both sides. The tardy and inefficient police of the time had no other resource than by the Alderman of the ward calling out the householders, and putting a stop to the strife by overpowering numbers, as the Capulets and Montagues are separated upon the stage.

At the period when such was the universal

custom of the most respectable, as well as the most inconsiderable shopkeepers in London, David Ramsay, upon the evening to which we solicit the attention of the reader, retiring to more abstruse and private labours, left the administration of his outer shop, or booth, to the aforesaid sharp, active, able-bodied, and well-voiced apprentices, namely, Jenkin Vincent and Frank Tunstall.

Vincent had been educated at the excellent foundation of Christ's Church Hospital, and was bred, therefore, as well as born, a Londoner, with all the peculiar acuteness and address, and audacity, which belong peculiarly to the youth of a metropolis. He was now about twenty years old, short in stature, but remarkably strong made, eminent for his feats upon holidays at the foot-ball, and other gymnastic exercises ; scarce rivalled in the broad-sword play, though hitherto only exercised in the form of single-stick ; he knew every lane, blind alley, and sequestered court of the ward, better than his Catechism ; was alike active in his master's affairs, and in his own adventures of fun and mischief ; and so ma-

naged matters, that the credit he acquired by the former bore him out, or at least served for his apology, when the latter propensity led him into scrapes, of which, however, it is but fair to state, that they had hitherto inferred nothing mean or discreditable. Some aberrations there were, which David Ramsay, his master, endeavoured to reduce to regular order when he discovered them, and others which he winked at, supposing them to answer the purpose of the escapement of a watch, which disposes of a certain quantity of the extra power of that mechanical impulse which puts the whole in motion.

The physiognomy of Jin Vin, by which abbreviation he was familiarly known through the ward, corresponded with the sketch we have given of his character. His head, upon which his prentice's flat cap was generally flung in a careless and oblique fashion, was closely covered with thick hair of raven black, which curled naturally and closely, and would have grown to great length, but for the modest custom enjoined by his state of life, and strictly enforced by his master, which compelled him to keep it short-

cropped,—not unreluctantly, as he looked with envy on the flowing ringlets, in which the courtiers and aristocratical students of the neighbouring Temple began to indulge themselves, as marks of superiority and of gentility. Vincent's eyes were deep set in his head, of a strong vivid black, full of fire, roguery, and intelligence, and conveying a humorous expression, even while he was uttering the usual small-talk of his trade, as if he ridiculed those who were disposed to give any weight to his common-places. He had address enough, however, to add little touches of his own, which gave a turn of drollery even to this ordinary routine of the booth; and the alacrity of his manner—his ready and obvious wish to oblige—his intelligence and civility, when he thought civility necessary, made him a universal favourite with his master's customers. His features were far from regular, for his nose was flattish, his mouth tending to the larger size, and his complexion inclining to be more dark than was then thought consistent with masculine beauty. But then, in despite of his having always breathed the air of a crowded city,

his complexion had the ruddy and manly expression of redundant health; his turned-up nose gave an air of spirit and raillery to what he said, and seconded the laugh of his eyes, and his wide mouth was garnished with a pair of well-formed and well-coloured lips, which, when he laughed, disclosed a range of teeth strong and well set, and as white as the very pearl. Such was the elder apprentice of David Ramsay, watch-maker, and constructor of horologes, to his Most Sacred Majesty James I.

Jenkin's companion was the younger apprentice, though, perhaps, he might be the elder of the two in years. At any rate he was of a much more staid and composed temper. Francis Tunstall was of that ancient and proud descent, who claimed the style of the "unstained;" because, amid the various chances of the long and bloody wars of the Roses, they had, with undeviating faith, followed the House of Lancaster, to which they had originally attached themselves. The meanest sprig of such a tree attached importance to the root from which he derived himself; and Tunstall was supposed to nourish in secret a pro-

portion of that family pride, which had extorted tears from his widowed and almost indigent mother, when she saw herself obliged to consign him to a line of life, inferior, as her prejudices suggested, to the course held by his progenitors. Yet, with all this aristocratic prejudice, his master found the well-born youth more docile, regular, and strictly attentive to his duty, than his far more active and alert comrade. Tunstall also gratified his master by the particular attention which he seemed disposed to bestow on the abstract principles of science connected with the trade which he was bound to study, the limits of which were daily enlarged with the increase of mathematical science. Vincent beat his companion beyond the distance-post, in every thing like the practical adaptation of thorough practice in the dexterity of hand necessary to execute the mechanical branches of the art, and double-distanced him in all respecting the commercial affairs of the shop. Still David Ramsay was wont to say, that if Vincent knew how to do a thing the better of the two, Tunstall was much better

acquainted with the principles on which it ought to be done; and he sometimes objected to the latter, that he knew critical excellence too well ever to be satisfied with practical mediocrity.

The disposition of Tunstall was shy, as well as studious; and though perfectly civil and obliging, he never seemed to feel himself in his place while he went through the duties of the shop. He was tall and handsome, with fair hair, and well-formed limbs, good features, light blue eyes, well opened, a straight Grecian nose, and a countenance which expressed both good humour and intelligence, but qualified by a gravity unsuitable to his years, and which almost amounted to dejection. He lived on the best terms with his companion, and readily stood by him whenever he was engaged in any of the frequent skirmishes, which, as we have already observed, often disturbed the city of London about this period. But, though Tunstall was allowed to understand quarter-staff, (the weapon of the North country,) in a superior degree, and though he was naturally both strong and active, his interference in such affrays seemed always matter of necessity; and,

as he never voluntarily joined either their brawls or their sports, he held a far lower place in the opinion of the youth of the ward than his hearty and active friend Jin Vin. Nay, had it not been for the interest made for his comrade by the intercession of Vincent, Tunstall would have stood some chance of being altogether excluded from the society of his contemporaries of the same condition, who called him, in scorn, the Cavaliero Cuddy, and the Gentle Tunstall. On the other hand, the lad himself, deprived of the fresh air in which he had been brought up, and foregoing the exercise to which he had been formerly accustomed, while the inhabitant of his native mansion, lost gradually the freshness of his complexion, and, without exhibiting any formal symptoms of disease, grew more thin and pale as he grew older, and at length exhibited the appearance of indifferent health, without any thing of the habits and complaints of an invalid, excepting a disposition to avoid society, and to spend his leisure timein private study, rather than mingle in the sports of his companions, or even resort to the theatres, then the general rendezvous

of his class; where, according to high authority, they fought for half-bitten apples, cracked nuts, and filled the upper gallery with their clamours.

Such were the two youths who called David Ramsay master, and with both of whom he used to fret from morning till night, as their peculiarities interfered with his own, or with the quiet and beneficial course of his traffic.

Upon the whole, however, the youths were attached to their master, and he, a good-natured, though an absent and whimsical man, was scarce less so to them; and, when a little warmed with wine at an occasional junketting, he used to boast, in his northern dialect, of his "twa bonnie lads, and the looks that the court ladies threw at them when visiting his shop in their caroches, when on a frolic into the city." But David Ramsay never failed at the same time to draw up his own tall, thin, lathy skeleton, extend his lean jaws into an alarming grin, and indicate, by a nod of his yard-long visage, and a twinkle of his little grey eye, that there might be more faces in Fleet-Street worth looking at than those of Frank and Jenkin. His old neigh-

bour, Widow Simmons the sempstress, who had served in her day the very tip-top revellers of the Temple, with ruffs, cuffs, and bands, distinguished more deeply the sort of attention paid by the females of quality who so regularly visited David Ramsay's shop to its inmates. "The boy Frank," she admitted, "used to attract the attention of the young ladies, as having something gentle and downcast in his looks; but then he could not better himself, for the poor youth had not a word to throw at a dog. Now Jin Vin was so full of his jibes and his jeers, and so willing, and so ready, and so serviceable, and so mannerly all the while, with his step that sprung like a buck's in Epping Forest, and his eye that twinkled as black as a gipsey's, that no woman who knew the world would make a comparison betwixt the lads. As for poor neighbour Ramsay himself, the man," she said, "was a civil neighbour, and a learned man, doubtless, and might be a rich man, if he had common sense to back his learning; and doubtless, for a Scot, neighbour Ramsay was nothing of a bad man; but he was so constantly grimed with smoke, gilded

with brass filings, and smeared with lamp-black and oil, that Dame Simmons judged it would require his whole shop full of watches to induce any feasible woman to touch the said neighbour Ramsay with any thing save a pair of tongs."

A still higher authority, Dame Ursula, wife to Benjamin Suddlechops the barber, was of exactly the same opinion.

Such were, in natural qualities and public estimation, the two youths, who, in a fine April day, having first rendered their dutiful service and attendance on the table of their master and his daughter, at their dinner at one o'clock—Such, O ye lads of London, was the severe discipline undergone by your predecessors—and having regaled themselves upon the fragments, in company with two female domestics, one a cook, and maid of all work, the other called Mistress Margaret's maid, now relieved their master in the duty of the outward shop; and, agreeable to the established custom, were soliciting, by their entreaties and recommendations of their master's manufacture, the attention and encouragement of the passengers.

In this species of service it may be easily supposed that Jenkin Vincent left his more reserved and bashful comrade far in the back-ground. The latter could only articulate with difficulty, and as an act of duty which he was rather ashamed of discharging, the established words of form—"What d'ye lack?—What d'ye lack?—Clocks—watches—barnacles?—What d'ye lack?—Watches—clocks—barnacles?—What d'ye lack, sir? What d'ye lack, madam?—barnacles, watches, clocks?"

But this dull and dry iteration, however varied by diversity of verbal arrangement, sounded flat when mingled with the rich and recommendatory oratory of the bold-faced, deep-mouthed, and ready-witted Jenkin Vincent. "What d'ye lack, noble sir?—What d'ye lack, beauteous madam?" he said, in a tone at once bold and soothing, which often was so applied as both to gratify the persons addressed, and to excite a smile from other hearers. "God bless your reverence," to a beneficed clergyman; "the Greek and Hebrew have blinded your reverence's eyes—Buy a pair of David Ramsay's bar-

nacles? The King, Gód bless his Sacred Majesty, never reads Hebrew or Greek without them."

" Are you well avised of that?" said a fat parson from the Vale of Evesham. " Nay, if the Head of the Church wears them, God bless his Sacred Majesty, I will try what they can do for me; for I have not been able to distinguish one Hebrew letter from another, since—I cannot remember the time—when I had a bad fever. Chuse me a pair of his most Sacred Majesty's own wearing, my good youth."

" This is a pair, and please your reverence," said Jenkins, producing a pair of spectacles which he touched with an air of great deference and respect, " which his most blessed Majesty placed this day three weeks on his own blessed nose, and would have kept them for his own sacred use, but that the setting being, as your reverence sees, of the purest jet, was, as his Sacred Majesty was pleased to say, fitter for a bishop than for a secular prince."

" His Sacred Majesty the King," said the worthy divine, " was ever a very Daniel in his

judgment; give me the barnacles, my good youth, and who can say what nose they may bestride in two years hence. Our reverend brother of Gloucester waxes in years." He then pulled out his purse, paid for the spectacles, and left the shop with even a more important step than that which had paused to enter it.

"For shame," said Tunstall to his companion; "these glasses will never suit one of his years."

"You are a fool, Frank," said Vincent in reply; "had the good doctor wished glasses to read with, he would have tried them before buying. He does not want to look through them himself, and these will serve the purpose of being looked at by other folks, as well as the best magnifiers in the shop.—What d'ye lack?" he cried, resuming his solicitations. "Mirrors for your toilette, my pretty madam; your head-gear is something awry—pity, since it is so well fancied." The woman stopped and bought a mirror.—"What d'ye lack?—a watch, Master Serjeant—a watch that will go as steady and true as your own eloquence?"

"Hold your peace, sir," answered the Knight of the Coif, who was disturbed by Vin's address whilst in deep consultation with an eminent attorney; "hold your peace! You are the loudest-tongued varlet betwixt the Devil's Tavern and Guildhall."

"A watch," reiterated the undaunted Jenkin, "that shall not lose thirteen minutes in a thirteen years' law-suit.—He's out of hearing—A watch with four wheels and a bar-movement—a watch that shall tell you, Master Poet, how long the patience of the audience will endure your next piece at the Black Bull." The bard laughed, and fumbled in the pocket of his slops till he chased into a corner, and fairly caught, a small piece of coin.

"Here is a tester to cherish thy wit, good boy," he said.

"Gramercy," said Vin; "at the next play of yours I will bring down a set of roaring boys that shall make all the critics in the pit, and the gallants on the stage, civil, or else the curtain shall smoke for it."

"Now, that I call mean," said Tunstall, "to take the poor rhymer's money, who has so little left behind."

"You are an owl, once again," said Vincent; "if he has nothing left to buy cheese and radishes, he will only dine a day the sooner with some patron or some player, for that is his fate five days out of the seven. It is unnatural that a poet should pay for his own pot of beer; I will drink his tester for him, to save him from such shame; and when his third night comes round, he shall have pennyworths for his coin, I promise you.—But here comes another guess-customer. Look at that strange fellow—see how he gapes at every shop, as if he would swallow the wares.—O! Saint Dunstan has caught his eye; pray God he swallow not the images. See how he stands astonished, as old Adam and Eve ply their ding-dong! Come, Frank, thou art a scholar; construe me that same fellow, with his blue cap with a cock's feather in it, to shew he's of gentle blood, God wot—his grey eyes, his yellow hair, his sword with a ton of iron in the handle—his grey thread-bare cloak—his step like a French-

man—his look like a Spaniard—a book at his girdle, and a broad dudgeon-dagger on the other side, to shew him half-pedant, half-bully. How call you that pageant, Frank ?"

" A raw Scotsman," said Tunstall ; " just come up, I suppose, to help the rest of his countrymen to gnaw old England's bones ; a palmer-worm, I reckon, to devour what the locust has spared."

" Even so, Frank," answered Vincent ; " just as the poet sings sweetly,—

> In Scotland he was born and bred,
> And, though a beggar, must be fed."

" Hush !" said Tunstall, " remember our master."

" Pshaw !" answered his mercurial companion ; " he knows on which side his bread is buttered, and I warrant you has not lived so long among Englishmen, and by Englishmen, to quarrel with us for bearing an English mind. But see, our Scot has done gazing at Saint Dunstan's, and comes our way. By this light, a proper lad and a sturdy,

in spite of freckles and sun-burning.—He comes nearer still, I will have at him."

"And if you do," said his comrade, "you may get a broken head—he looks not as if he would carry coals."

"A fig for your threat," said Vincent, and instantly addressed the stranger. "Buy a watch, most noble northern Thane—buy a watch, to count the hours of plenty since the blessed moment you left Berwick behind you.—Buy barnacles, to see the English gold lies ready for your gripe.—Buy what you will, you shall have credit for three days; for, were your pockets as bare as Father Fergus's, you are a Scot in London, and you will be stocked in that time." The stranger looked sternly at the waggish apprentice, and seemed to grasp his cudgel in rather a menacing fashion. "Buy physic," said the undaunted Vincent, "if you will buy neither time nor light—physic for a proud stomach, sir;—there is a 'pothecary's shop on the other side of the way."

Here the probationary disciple of Galen, who stood at his master's door in his flat cap and can-

vas sleeves, with a large wooden pestle in his hand, took up the ball which was flung to him by Jenkin, with, "What d'ye lack, sir?—Buy a choice Caledonian salve, *Flos sulphur. cum butyro quant. suff.*"

"To be taken after a gentle rubbing-down with an English oaken towel," said Vincent.

The bonny Scot had given full scope to the play of this small artillery of city wit, by halting his stately pace, and viewing grimly, first the one assailant, and then the other, as if menacing either repartee, or more violent revenge. But phlegm or prudence got the better of his indignation, and tossing his head as one who valued not the raillery to which he had been exposed, he walked down Fleet Street, pursued by the horse-laugh of his tormentors.

"The Scot will not fight till he sees his own blood," said Tunstall, whom his north of England extraction had made familiar with all manner of proverbs against those who lay yet farther north than himself.

"Faith, I know not," said Jenkin; "he looks dangerous that fellow—he will hit some one over

the noddle before he goes far. Hark!—hark!—they are rising."

Accordingly, the well-known cry of, "'Prentices—'prentices—Clubs—clubs!" now rang along Fleet Street; and Jenkin, snatching up his weapon, which lay beneath the counter ready at the slightest notice, and calling to Tunstall to take his bat and follow, leaped over the hatch-door which protected the outer shop, and ran as fast as he could towards the affray, echoing the cry as he ran, and elbowing, or shoving aside, whomsoever stood in his way. His comrade, first calling to his master to give an eye to the shop, followed Jenkin's example, and ran after him as fast as he could, but with more attention to the safety and convenience of others; while old David Ramsay, with hands and eyes uplifted, a green apron before him, and a glass which he had been polishing thrust into his bosom, came forth to look after the safety of his goods and chattels, knowing, by old experience, that when the cry of "Clubs" once arose, he would have little aid on the part of his apprentices.

CHAPTER II.

This, sir, is one among the Seignory,
Has wealth at will, and will to use his wealth,
And wit to encrease it. Marry, his worst folly
Lies in a thriftless sort of charity,
That goes a gadding sometimes after objects,
Which wise men will not see when thrust upon them.

The Old Couple.

The ancient gentleman bustled about his shop in pettish displeasure, at being summoned hither so hastily, to the interruption of his more abstract studies; and, unwilling to renounce the train of calculation which he had put in progress, he mingled whimsically with the fragments of the arithmetical operation, his oratory to the passengers, and angry reflections on his idle apprentices. "What d'ye lack, sir? Madam, what d'ye lack—clocks for hall or table—night-watches—day-watches?—*Locking wheel being* 48—*the power of retort,* 8—*the striking pins are* 48—What d'ye

lack, honoured sir?—*The quotient—the multiplicand*—That the knaves should have gone out at this blessed minute!—*the acceleration being at the rate of 5 minutes, 55 seconds, 53 thirds, 59 fourths*—I will switch them both when they come back—I will, by the bones of the immortal Napier!"

Here the vexed philosopher was interrupted by the entrance of a grave citizen of a most respectable appearance, who, saluting him familiarly by the name of "Davie, my old acquaintance," demanded what had put him so much out of sorts, and gave him at the same time a cordial grasp of his hand.

The stranger's dress was, though grave, rather richer than usual. His paned hose were of black velvet, lined with purple silk, which garniture appeared at the slashes. His doublet was of purple cloth, and his short cloak of black velvet to correspond with his hose; and both were adorned with a great number of small silver buttons richly wrought in filigree. A triple chain of gold hung round his neck; and in place of a sword or dagger, he wore at his belt an ordinary knife for the purpose of the table,

with a small silver case, which appeared to contain writing materials. He might have seemed some secretary or clerk engaged in the service of the public, only that his low, flat, and unadorned cap, and his well-blacked shining shoes, indicated that he belonged to the city. He was a well-made man, about the middle size, and seemed firm in health though advanced in years. His looks expressed sagacity and good humour; and the air of respectability which his dress announced was well supported by his clear eye, ruddy cheek, and grey hair. He used the Scottish idiom in his first address, but in such a manner that it could hardly be distinguished whether he was passing upon his friend a sort of jocose mockery, or whether it was his own native dialect, for his ordinary discourse had little provincialism.

In answer to the queries of his respectable friend, Ramsay groaned heavily, answering by echoing back the question, "What ails me, Master George? Why, everything ails me! I profess to you that a man may as well live in Fairyland as in the Ward of Faringdon-Without. My apprentices are turned into mere goblins—

they appear and disappear like spunkies, and have no more regularity in them than a watch without a scapement. If there is a ball to be tossed up, or a bullock to be driven mad, or a quean to be ducked for scolding, or a head to be broken, Jenkin is sure to be at the one end or the other of it, and then away skips Francis Tunstall for company. I think the prize-fighters, bear-leaders, and mountebanks, are in a league against me, my dear friend, and that they pass my house ten times for any other in the city Here's an Italian fellow come over too, that they call Punchinello; and, all together——"

"Well," interrupted Master George, "but what is all this to the present case?"

"Why," replied Ramsay, "here has been a cry of thieves or murder, (I hope that will prove the least of it amongst these English pock-pudding swine!) and I have been interrupted in the deepest calculation ever mortal man plunged into, Master George."

"What, man!" replied Master George, "you must take patience—You are a man that deals in time, and can make it go fast and slow at plea-

sure; you, of all the world, have least reason to complain if a little of it be lost now and then. But here come your boys, and bringing in a slain man betwixt them, I think—here has been serious mischief, I am afraid."

"The more mischief the better sport," said the crabbed old watch-maker. "I am blithe, though, that it's neither of the twa loons themselves.—What are ye bringing a corpse here for, ye fause villains?" he added, addressing the two apprentices, who, at the head of a considerable mob of their own class, some of whom bore evident marks of a recent fray, were carrying the body betwixt them.

"He is not dead yet, sir," answered Tunstall.

"Carry him into the apothecary's then," replied his master. "D'ye think I can set a man's life in motion again, as if he were a clock or a time-piece?"

"For godsake, old friend," said his acquaintance, "let us have him here at the nearest—he seems only in a swoon."

"A swoon?" said Ramsay, "and what business had he to swoon in the streets? Only, if it will oblige my friend Master George, I would

take in all the dead men in St Dunstan's parish. Call Sam Porter to look after the shop."

So saying, the stunned man, being the identical Scotsman who had passed a short time before amidst the jeers of the apprentices, was carried into the back shop of the artist, and there placed in an armed chair till the apothecary from over the way came to his assistance. This gentleman, as sometimes happens to those of the learned professions, had rather more lore than knowledge, and began to talk of the sinciput and occiput, and cerebrum and cerebellum, until he exhausted David Ramsay's brief stock of patience.

"Bell-um! bell-ell-um!" he repeated, with great indignation; "What signify all the bells in London, if you do not put a plaister on the chield's crown?"

Master George, with better directed zeal, asked the apothecary whether bleeding might not be useful; when, after humming and hawing for a moment, and being unable, upon the spur of the occasion, to suggest anything else, the man of pharmacy observed, that it would, at all events, relieve the brain or cerebrum, in case there was a

tendency to the depositation of any extravasated blood, to operate as a pressure upon that delicate organ. Fortunately he was adequate to performing this operation; and being powerfully aided by Jenkin Vincent, (who was learned in all cases of broken head,) with plenty of cold water, and a little vinegar, applied according to the scientific method practised by the bottle-holders in a modern ring, the man began to raise himself on his chair, draw his cloak tightly around him, and look about like one who struggles to recover sense and recollection.

"He had better lie down on the bed in the little back closet," said Mr Ramsay's visitor, who seemed perfectly familiar with the accommodations which the house afforded.

"He is welcome to my share of the truckle," said Jenkin,—for in the said back closet were the two apprentices accommodated in one truckle-bed,—"I can sleep under the counter."

"So can I," said Tunstall, "and the poor fellow can have the bed all night."

"Sleep," said the apothecary, "is, in the opinion of Galen, a restorative and febrifuge, and is most naturally taken in a truckle-bed."

"Where a better cannot be come by—" said Master George; "but these are two honest lads, to give up their beds so willingly. Come, off with his cloak, and let us bear him to his couch—I will send for Dr Irving the king's chirurgeon—he does not live far off, and that shall be my share of the Samaritan's duty, neighbour Ramsay."

"Well, sir," said the apothecary, "it is at your pleasure to send for other advice, and I shall not object to consult with Dr Irving or any other medical person of skill, neither to continue to furnish such drugs as may be needful from my pharmacopeia. However, whatever Dr Irvine, who, I think, hath had his degrees in Edin burgh, or Dr Any-one-beside, be he Scottish or English, may say to the contrary, sleep, taken timeously, is a febrifuge or sedative, and also a restorative."

He muttered a few more learned words, and concluded by informing Ramsay's friend in English far more intelligible than his Latin, that he would look to him as his paymaster, for medicines, care, and attendance, furnished, or to be furnished, to this party unknown.

Master George only replied by desiring him to send his bill for what he had already to charge, and to give himself no farther trouble unless he heard from him. The pharmacopolist, who, from discoveries made by the cloak falling a little aside, had no great opinion of the faculty of this chance patient to make reimbursement, had no sooner seen his case espoused by a substantial citizen, than he shewed some reluctance to quit possession of the case, and it required a short and stern hint from Master George, which, with all his good humour, he was capable of expressing when occasion served, to send to his own dwelling this Esculapius of Temple Bar.

When they were rid of Mr Raredrench, the charitable efforts of Jenkin and Francis, to divest the patient of his long grey cloak, were firmly resisted on his own part.—"My life suner—my life suner," he muttered in indistinct murmurs. In these efforts to retain his upper garment, which was too tender to resist much handling, it gave way at length with a loud rent, which almost threw the patient into a second syncope, and he sate before them in his under garments, the looped and re-

paired wretchedness of which moved at once pity and laughter, and had certainly been the cause of his unwillingness to resign the mantle, which, like the virtue of charity, served to cover so many imperfections.

The man himself cast his eyes on his poverty-struck garb, and seemed so much ashamed of the disclosure, that, muttering between his teeth, that he would be too late for an appointment, he made an effort to rise and leave the shop, which was easily prevented by Jenkin Vincent and his comrade, who, at the nod of Master George, laid hold of and detained him in his chair. The patient next looked round him for a moment, and then said faintly in his broad northern language—"What sort of usage ca' ye this, gentlemen, to a stranger and a sojourner in your town? Ye hae broken my head—ye hae riven my cloak, and now ye are for restraining my personal liberty! They were wiser than me," he said, after a moment's pause, "that counselled me to wear my warst claithing in the streets of London; and if I could have got any things worse than these mean garments,"—"Which would have been very difficult," said Jin Vin, in a whisper

to his companion,) "they would have been e'en ower guid for the grips o' men sae little acquented with the laws of honest civility."

"To say the truth," said Jenkin, unable to forbear any longer, although the discipline of the times prescribed to those in his situation a degree of respectful distance and humility in the presence of parents, masters, or seniors, of which the present age has no idea—"To say truth, the good gentleman's clothes look as if they would not brook much handling."

"Hold your peace, young man," said Master George, with a tone of authority; "never mock the stranger, or the poor—the black ox has not trode on your foot yet—you know not what lands you may travel in, or what clothes you may wear, before you die."

Vincent held down his head and stood rebuked, but the stranger did not accept the apology which was made for him.

"I *am* a stranger, sir," said he, "that is certain; though methinks, that being such, I have been somewhat familiarly treated in this town of yours;—but as for my being poor, I think I need

not be charged with poverty, till I seek siller of somebody."

"The dear country all over," said Master George in a whisper to David Ramsay, "pride and poverty."

But David had taken out his tablets and silver pen, and, deeply immersed in calculations, in which he rambled over all the terms of arithmetic, from the simple unit to millions, billions, and trillions, neither heard nor answered the observation of his friend, who, seeing his abstraction, turned again to the Scot.

"I fancy now, Jockey, if a stranger were to offer you a noble, you would chuck it back at his head?"

"Not if I could do him honest service for it, sir," said the Scot; "I am willing to do what I may to be useful, though I come of an honourable house, and may be said to be in a sort indifferently weel provided for."

"Ay!" said the interrogator, "and what house may claim the honour of your descent?"

"An ancient coat belongs to it, as the play says," whispered Vincent to his companion.

"Come, Jockey, out with it," continued Master

George, observing that the Scot, as usual with his countrymen, when asked a blunt, straight-forward question, took a little time before answering it.

"I am no more Jockey, sir, than you are John," said the stranger, as if offended at being addressed by a name, which at that time was used, as Sawney now is, for a general appellative of the Scottish nation. "My name, if you must know it, is Richie Moniplies; and I come of the old and honourable house of Castle Collop, weel kenn'd at the West Port of Edinburgh."

"What is that you call the West Port?" proceeded the interrogator.

"Why, an it like your honour," said Richie, who now having recovered his senses sufficiently to observe the respectable exterior of Master George, threw more civility into his manner than at first, "the West Port is a gate of our city, as yonder brick arches at Whitehall form the entrance of the King's palace here, only that the West Port is of stonern work, and mair decorated with architecture and the policy of bigging."

"Nouns, man, the Whitehall gateways were planned by the great Holbein," answered Master

George, "I suspect your accident has jumbled your brains, my good friend. I suppose you will tell me next you have at Edinburgh as fine a navigable river as the Thames, with all its shipping."

"The Thames!" exclaimed Richie, in a tone of ineffable contempt—"God bless your honour's judgment, we have at Edinburgh the Water-of-Leith and the Nor-loch!"

"And the Pow-Burn, and the Quarry-holes, and the Gusedub, fause loun," answered Master George, speaking Scotch with a strong and natural emphasis; "it is such land-loupers as you that, with your falset and fair fashions, bring reproach on our whole country."

"God forgie me, sir," said Richie, much surprised at finding the supposed southern converted into a native Scot, "I took your honour for an Englisher! But I hope there was naething wrang in standing up for ane's ain country's credit in a strange land, where all men cry her down."

"Do you call it for your country's credit, to shew that she has a lying puffing rascal for one of her children?" said Master George. "But come, man, never look grave on it,—as you have found

a countryman, so you have found a friend if you deserve one—and specially, if you answer me truly."

"I see nae gude it wad do me to speak ought else but truth," said the worthy North Briton.

"Well then—to begin," said Master George, "I suspect you are a son of old Mungo Moniplies, the flesher, at the West-Port."

"Your honour is a witch, I think," said Richie, grinning.

"And how dared you, sir, to uphold him for a noble?"

"I dinna ken, sir," said Richie, scratching his head; "I hear mickle of an Earl of Warwick in these southern parts,—Guy I think his name was,—and he has great reputation here for slaying dun cows, and boars, and such like; and I am sure my father has killed more cows and boars, not to mention bulls, calves, sheep, ewes, lambs, and pigs, than the hail Baronage of England."

"Go to! you are a shrewd knave," said Master George; "charm your tongue, and take care of saucy answers. Your father was an honest burgher, and the deacon of his craft: I am sorry to see his son in so poor a coat."

"Indifferent, sir," said Richie Moniplies, looking down on his garments—"very indifferent; but it is the wonted livery of poor burghers' sons in our country—one of Luckie Want's bestowing upon us—rest us patient. The King's leaving Scotland has taken all custom frae Edinburgh; and there is hay made at the Cross, and a dainty crop of fouats in the Grass-market. There is as much grass grows where my father's stall stood, as might have been a good bite for the beasts he was used to kill."

"It is even too true," said Master George; "and while we make fortunes here, our old neighbours and their families are starving at home. This should be thought upon oftener.—And how came you by that broken head, Richie?—tell me honestly."

"Troth, sir, I'se no lee about the matter," answered Moniplies. "I was coming alang the street here, and ilk ane was at me with their jests and roguery. So I thought to mysell, ye are owermony for me to mell with; but let me catch ye in Barford's Park, or at the fit of the Vennel, I could gar some of ye sing anither sang. Sae ae auld

hirpling deevil of a potter behoved just to step in my way and offer me a pig, as he said, just to put my Scotch ointment in, and I gave him a push, as but natural, and the tottering deevil couped ower amang his ain pigs, and damaged a score of them. And then the reird raise, and hadna these twa gentlemen helped me out of it, murdered I suld hae been, without remeid. And as it was, just when they got haud of my arm to have me out of the fray, I got the lick that donnerit me from a left-handed lighter-man."

Master George looked to the apprentices as if to demand the truth of this story.

"It is just as he says, sir," replied Jenkin; "only I heard nothing about pigs.—The people said he had broke some crockery, and that—I beg pardon, sir—nobody could thrive within the kenning of a Scot."

"Well, no matter what they said, you were an honest fellow to help the weaker side—And you, sirrah," continued Master George, addressing his countryman, "will call at my house to-morrow morning, agreeable to this direction."

"I will wait upon your honour," said the

Scot, bowing very low; "that is, if my honourable master will permit me."

"Thy master?" said George,—"Hast thou any other master save Want, whose livery you say you wear?"

"Troth, in one sense, if it please your honour, I serve twa masters," said Richie; "for both my master and me are slaves to that same beldame, whom we thought to shew our heels to by coming off from Scotland. So that you see, sir, I hold in a sort of black ward tenure, as we call it in our country, being the servant of a servant."

"And what is your master's name?" said George; and observing that Richie hesitated, he added, "Nay, do not tell me, if it is a secret."

"A secret that there is little use in keeping," said Richie; "only ye ken that our northern stomachs are ower proud to call in witnesses to our distress. No that my master is in mair than present pinch, sir," he added, looking towards the two English apprentices, "having a large sum in the Royal Treasury—that is," he continued, in a

whisper to Master George,—“ the King is owing him a lot of siller; but it's ill getting at it it's like.—My master is the young Lord Glenvarloch.”

Master George testified surprise at the name.—“ You one of the young Lord Glenvarloch's followers, and in such a condition!”

“ Troth, and I am all the followers he has, for the present that is; and blithe wad I be if he were muckle better aff than I am, though I were to bide as I am.”

“ I have seen his father with four gentlemen and ten lackeys at his heels,” said Master George, “ rustling in their laces and velvets. Well, this is a changeful world, but there is a better beyond it.—The good old house of Glenvarloch, that stood by king and country five hundred years!”

“ Your honour may say a thousand,” said the follower.

“ I will say what I know to be true, friend,” said the citizen, “ and not a word more.—You seem well recovered now, can you walk?”

“ Bravely, sir,” said Richie; “ it was but a

bit dover. I was bred at the West Port, and my cantle will stand a clour wad bring a stot down."

"Where does your master lodge?"

"We pit up, an it like your honour," replied the Scot, "in a sma' house at the fit of ane of the wynds that gang down to the waterside, with a decent man, John Christie, a ship-chandler, as they ca't. His father came from Dundee. I wotna the name of the wynd, but it's right anent the mickle kirk yonder; and your honour will mind that we pass only by our family-name of simple Mr Nigel Olifaunt, as keeping ourselves retired for the present, though in Scotland we be called the Lord Nigel."

"It is wisely done of your master," said the citizen. "I will find out your lodgings, though your direction be none of the clearest." So saying, and slipping a piece of money at the same time into Richie Moniplies's hand, he bid him hasten home, and get into no more affrays.

"I will take care of that now, sir," said Richie, with a look of importance, "having a charge about me. And so, wussing ye a' weel, with special thanks to these twa young gentlemen——"

"I am no gentleman," said Jenkin, flinging his cap on his head.—"I am a tight London 'prentice, and hope to be a freeman one day. Frank may write himself gentleman, if he will."

"I *was* a gentleman once," said Tunstall, "and I hope I have done nothing to lose the name of one."

"Weel, weel, as ye list," said Richie Moniplies; "but I am muckle beholden to ye baith —and I am not a hair the less like to bear it in mind that I say but little about it just now.—Gude night to you, my kind countryman." So saying, he thrust out of the sleeve of his ragged doublet a long bony hand and arm, on which the muscles rose like whip-cord.

Master George shook it heartily, while Jenkin and Frank exchanged sly looks with each other. Richie Moniplies would next have addressed his thanks to the master of the shop, but seeing him, as he afterwards said, "scribbling on his bit bookie as if he were demented," he contented his politeness with "giving him a hat," and so left the shop.

"Now there goes Scotch Jockey, with all his bad and good about him," said Master George to Master David, who suspended, though unwillingly, the calculations with which he was engaged, and, keeping his pen within an inch of the tablets, gazed on his friend with great lack-lustre eyes, which expressed any thing rather than intelligence or interest in the discourse addressed to him. "That fellow," proceeded Master George, without heeding his friend's state of abstraction, "shews, with great liveliness of colouring, how our Scotch pride and poverty makes liars and braggarts of us; and yet the knave, whose every third word to an Englishman is a boastful lie, will, I warrant you, be a true and tender friend and follower to his master, and has perhaps parted with his mantle to him in the cold blast, although he walked himself *in cuerpo*, as the Don says. Strange, that courage and fidelity—for I will warrant that the knave is stout—should have no better companions than this swaggering braggadochio humour. But you mark me not, friend Davie."

"I do—I do, most heedfully," said Davie; "for as the sun goeth round the dial-plate in

twenty-four hours, add for the moon fifty minutes and a half——"

" You are in the seventh heavens, man," said his companion.

" I crave your pardon," replied Davie ; " let the wheel A go round in twenty-four hours—I have it—and the wheel B in twenty-four hours, fifty minutes and a half—fifty-seven being to fifty-four as fifty-nine to twenty-four hours fifty minutes and a half, or very nearly,—I crave your forgiveness, Master George, and heartily wish you good-even."

" Good-even?" said Master George ; " why, you have not wished me good-day yet. Come, old friend, lay by these tablets, or you will crack the inner machinery of *your* skull, as our friend yonder has got the outer case of his damaged.—Good-night, quotha ! I mean not to part with you so easily ; I came to get my four-hour's nuncheon from you, man, besides a tune on the lute from my god-daughter, Mrs Marget."

" Good faith! I was abstracted, Master George—but you know me—whenever I get amongst the wheels,"—said Mr Ramsay, " why——"

"Lucky that you deal in small ones," said his friend, as, awakened from his reveries and calculations, Ramsay led the way up a little back-stair to the first story, occupied by his daughter and his little household.

The apprentices resumed their places in the front shop, and relieved Sam Porter, when Jenkin said to Tunstall—"Didst see, Frank, how the old goldsmith cottoned in with his beggarly countryman? when would one of his having have shaken hands so courteously with a poor Englishman? Well, I'll say that for the best of the Scots, that they will go over head and ears to serve a countryman, when they will not wet a nail of their finger to save a Southron, as they call us, from drowning. And yet Master George is but half-bred Scot neither in that respect; for I have known him do many a kind thing to the English too."

"But hark ye, Jenkin," said Tunstall, "I think you are but half-bred English yourself;—how came you to strike on the Scotsman's side after all?"

"Why, you did so too," answered Vincent.

"Ay, because I saw you begin; and, besides, it is no Cumberland fashion to fall fifty upon one," replied Tunstall.

"And no Christ-Church fashion neither," said Jenkin. "Fair play and old England for ever. Besides, to tell you a secret, his voice had a twang in it—in the dialect I mean—reminded me of a little tongue which I think sweeter—sweeter than the last toll of St Dunstan's will sound, on the day that I am shot of my indentures—ha!—you guess who I mean, Frank?"

"Not I, indeed," answered Tunstall. "Scotch Janet, I suppose, the laundress."

"Off with Janet in her own bucking basket! —no, no, no!—You blind buzzard,—do you not know I mean pretty Mrs Marget!"

"Umph!" answered Tunstall, drily.

A flash of anger, not unmingled with suspicion, shot from Jenkin's keen black eyes.

"Umph!—and what signifies umph? I am not the first 'prentice has married his master's daughter, I think?"

" They kept their own secret, I fancy," said Tunstall, " at least till they were out of their time."

" I tell you what it is, Frank," answered Jenkin, sharply, " that may be the fashion of you gentle-folks that are taught from your biggen to carry two faces under the same hood, but it shall never be mine."

" There are the stairs then," said Tunstall, coolly ; " go up and ask Mrs Marget of our master just now, and see what sort of a face he will wear under *his* hood."

" No, I wonnot," answered Jenkin ; " I am not such a fool as that neither ; but I will take my own time, and all the Counts in Cumberland shall not cut my comb, and this is that which you may depend upon."

Francis made no reply ; and they resumed their usual attention to the business of the shop, and their usual solicitations to the passengers.

CHAPTER III.

Bobadil. I pray you possess no gallant of your acquaintance with a knowledge of my lodging.
Master Matthew. Who, I, sir?—Lord, sir!

BEN JONSON.

THE next morning found Nigel Olifaunt, the young Lord of Glenvarloch, seated, sad and solitary, in his little apartment in the mansion of John Christie, the ship-chandler, which that honest tradesman, in gratitude perhaps to the profession from which he derived his chief support, seemed to have constructed as nearly as possible upon the plan of a ship's cabin.

It was situated near to Paul's Wharf, at the end of one of those intricate and narrow lanes, which, until that part of the city was swept away by the great fire in 1666, constituted an extraordinary labyrinth of small, dark, damp, and un-

wholesome streets and alleys, in one corner or other of which the plague was then as surely found lurking, as in the obscure corners of Constantinople in our own time. But John Christie's house looked out upon the river, and had the advantage, therefore, of free air,—impregnated, however, with the odoriferous fumes of the articles in which the ship-chandler dealt, with the odour of pitch, and the natural scent of the ouze and sludge left by the reflux of the tide.

Upon the whole, except that his dwelling did not float with the flood-tide, and become stranded with the ebb, the young lord was nearly as comfortably accommodated as he was while on board the little trading brig from the long town of Kirkcaldy, in Fife, by which he had come a passenger to London. He received, however, every attention which could be paid him by his honest landlord, John Christie; for Richie Moniplies had not thought it necessary to preserve his master's *incognito* so completely, but that the honest ship-chandler could form a guess that his guest's quality was superior to his appearance. As for Dame Nell, his wife,

a round, buxom, laughter-loving dame, with black eyes, a tight well-laced boddice, a green apron, and a red petticoat edged with a slight silver lace, and judiciously shortened so as to shew that a short heel, and a tight clean ancle, rested upon her well-burnished shoe,—she, of course, felt interest in a young man, who, besides being very handsome, good-humoured, and easily satisfied with the accommodations her house afforded, was evidently of a rank, as well as manners, highly superior to the skippers, (or Captains, as they call themselves,) of merchant vessels, who were the usual tenants of the apartments which she let to hire; and at whose departure she was sure to find her well-scrubbed floor soiled with the relics of tobacco, (which, spite of King James's Counterblast, was then forcing itself into use,) and her best curtains impregnated with the odour of Geneva and strong waters, to Dame Nelly's great indignation; for, as she truly said, the smell of the shop and warehouse was bad enough without these additions.

But all Mr Olifaunt's habits were regular and cleanly, and his address, though frank and

simple, shewed so much of the courtier and gentleman, as formed a strong contrast with the loud halloo, coarse jests, and boisterous impatience, of her maritime inmates. Dame Nelly saw that her guest was melancholy also, notwithstanding his efforts to seem contented and cheerful; and in short she took that sort of interest in him, without being herself aware of its extent, which an unscrupulous gallant might have been tempted to improve to the prejudice of honest John, who was at least a score of years older than his helpmate. Olifaunt, however, had not only other matters to think of, but would have regarded such an intrigue, had the idea ever occurred to him, as an abominable and ungrateful encroachment upon the laws of hospitality, his religion having been by his late father formed upon the strict principles of the national faith, and his morality upon those of the nicest honour. He had not escaped the predominant weakness of his country, an overweening sense of the pride of birth, and a disposition to value the worth and consequence of others according to the number and the fame of their deceased ancestors; but

this pride of family was well subdued, and in general almost entirely concealed, by his good sense and general courtesy.

Such as we have described him, Nigel Olifaunt, or rather the young Lord Glenvarloch, was, when our narrative takes him up, under great perplexity respecting the fate of his trusty and only follower. Richard Moniplies had been dispatched by his young master, early in the preceding morning, as far as the court at Westminster, but had not yet returned. His evening adventures the reader is already acquainted with, and so far knows more of Richie than did his master, who had not heard of him for twenty-four hours. Dame Nelly Christie, in the meantime, regarded her guest with some anxiety, and a great desire to comfort him if possible. She placed on the breakfast-table a noble piece of cold powdered beef, with its usual guards of turnip and carrot, recommended her mustard as coming direct from her cousin at Tewksbury, and spiced the toast with her own hands—and with her own hands, also, drew a jug of stout and nappy ale, all of which were elements of the substantial breakfast of the period.

When she saw that her guest's anxiety prevented him from doing justice to the good cheer which she set before him, she commenced her career of verbal consolation with the usual volubility of those women in her station, who, conscious of good looks, good intentions, and good lungs, entertain no fear either of wearying themselves or of fatiguing their auditors.

"Now, what the good year! are we to send you down to Scotland as thin as you came up?—I am sure it would be contrary to the course of nature. There was my good man's father, old Sandie Christie, I have heard he was an atomy when he came up from the North, and I am sure he died, Saint Barnaby was ten years, at twenty stone weight. I was a bare-headed girl at the time and lived in the neighbourhood, though I had little thought of marrying John then, who had a score of years the better of me—but he is a thriving man and a kind husband—and his father, as I was saying, died as fat as a churchwarden. Well, sir, but I hope I have not offended you for my little joke—and I hope the ale is to your honour's liking,—and the beef—and the mustard?"

"All excellent—all too good," answered Olifaunt; "you have every thing so clean and tidy, dame, that I shall not know how to live when I go back to my own country—if ever I go back there."

This was added as it seemed involuntarily, and with a deep sigh.

"I warrant your honour go back again if you like it," said the dame; "unless you think rather of taking a pretty, well-dowered English lady, as some of your country-folks have done. I assure you, some of the best of the city have married Scotsmen. There was Lady Trebleplumb, Sir Thomas Trebleplumb the great Turkey merchant's widow, married Sir Awley Macauley, whom your honour knows, doubtless; and pretty Mistress Doublefee, old Serjeant Doublefee's daughter, jumped out of window, and was married at May-fair to a Scotsman with a hard name; and old Pitchpost the timber-merchant's daughters did little better, for they married two Irishmen; and when folks jeer me about having a Scotsman for lodger, meaning your honour, I tell them they are afraid of their daughters and their mistresses;

and sure I have a right to stand for the Scotch, since John Christie is half a Scotchman, and a thriving man, and a good husband, though there is a score of years between us; and so I would have your honour cast care away, and mend your breakfast with a morsel and a draught."

"At a word, my kind hostess, I cannot," said Olifaunt; "I am anxious about this knave of mine, who has been so long absent in this dangerous town of yours."

It may be noticed in passing, that Dame Nelly's ordinary mode of consolation was to disprove the existence of any cause for distress; and she is said to have carried this so far as to comfort a neighbour, who had lost her husband, with the assurance that the dear defunct would be better to-morrow, which perhaps might not have proved an appropriate, even if it had been a possible, mode of relief. On this occasion she denied stoutly that Richie had been absent altogether twenty hours; and as for people being killed in the streets of London, to be sure two men had been found in Tower-ditch last week, but that was far to the east, and the other poor

man that had his throat cut in the fields, had met his mishap near by Islington; and he that was stabbed by the young Templar in a drunken frolic, by Saint Clement's in the Strand, was an Irishman. All which evidence she produced to shew that none of these casualties had occurred in a case exactly parallel with that of Richie, a Scotsman and on his return from Westminster.

"My better comfort is, my good dame," answered Olifaunt, "that the lad is no brawler or quarreller, unless strongly urged, and that he has no charge about him excepting papers of some moment."

"Your honour speaks very well," retorted the inexhaustible hostess, who protracted her task of taking away, and putting to rights, in order that she might prolong her gossip. "I'll uphold Master Moniplies to be neither reveller nor brawler, for if he liked such things he might be visiting and junketting with the young folks about here in the neighbourhood, and he never dreams of it; and when I asked the young man to go as far as my gossip's, Dame Drinkwater, to taste

a glass of anniseed, and a bit of the groaning cheese,—for Dame Drinkwater has had twins, as I told your honour, sir—and I meant it quite civilly to the young man, but he chose to sit and keep house with John Christie; and I dare say there is a score of years between them, for your honour's servant looks scarce much older than I am. I wonder what they could have to say to each other. I asked John Christie, but he bid me go to sleep."

"If he comes not soon," said his master, "I will thank you to tell me what magistrate I can address myself to; for, besides my anxiety for the poor fellow's safety, he has papers of importance about him."

"O! your honour may be assured he will be back in a quarter of an hour," said Dame Nelly; "he is not the lad to stay out twenty-four hours at a stretch. And for the papers, I am sure your honour will pardon him for just giving me a peep at the corner, as I was giving him a small cup, not so large as my thimble, of distilled waters, to fortify his stomach against the damps, and it was directed to the King's Most Excellent

Majesty; and so doubtless his Majesty has kept Richie out of civility to consider of your honour's letter, and send back a fitting reply."

Dame Nelly here hit by chance on a more available topic of consolation than those she had hitherto touched upon; for the youthful lord had himself some vague hopes that his messenger might have been delayed at Court until a fitting and favourable answer should be dispatched back to him. Inexperienced, however, in public affairs as he certainly was, it required only a moment's consideration to convince him of the improbability of an expectation so contrary to all he had heard of etiquette, as well as the dilatory proceeding in a court-suit, and he answered the good-natured hostess with a sigh, that he doubted whether the King would even look on the paper addressed to him, far less take it into his immediate consideration.

"Now, out upon you for a faint-hearted gentleman," said the good dame; "and why should he not do as much for us as our gracious Queen Elizabeth? Many people say this and that about a queen and a king, but I think a king comes

more natural to us English folks; and this good gentleman goes as often down by water to Greenwich, and employs as many of the barge-men and water-men of all kinds; and maintains, in his royal grace, John Taylor the water-poet, who keeps both a sculler and a pair of oars. And he has made a comely Court at Whitehall, just by the river; and since the King is so good a friend to the Thames, I cannot see, if it please your honour, why all his subjects, and your honour in specialty, should not have satisfaction by his hands."

"True, dame—true,—let us hope for the best; but I must take my cloak and rapier, and pray your husband in courtesy to teach me the way to a magistrate."

"Sure, sir," said the prompt dame, "I can do that as well as he, who has been a slow man of his tongue all his life, though I will give him his due for being a loving husband, and a man as well to pass in the world as any betwixt us and the top of the lane. And so there is the sitting alderman, that is always at the Guildhall, which is close by Paul's, and so I warrant

you he puts all to rights in the city that wisdom can mend; and for the rest there is no help but patience. But I wish I were as sure of forty pounds, as I am that the young man will come back safe and sound."

Olifaunt, in great and anxious doubt of what the good dame so strongly averred, flung his cloak on one shoulder, and was about to belt on his rapier, when first the voice of Richie Moniplies on the stair, and then that faithful emissary's appearance in the chamber, put the matter beyond question. Dame Nelly, after congratulating Moniplies on his return, and paying several compliments to her own sagacity for having foretold it, was at length pleased to leave the apartment. The truth was, that, besides some instinctive feelings of good breeding which combated her curiosity, she saw there was no chance of Richie's proceeding in his narrative while she was in the room, and she therefore retreated, trusting that her own address would get the secret out of one or other of the young men, when she should have either by himself.

"Now, in Heaven's name, what is the matter?"

said Nigel Olifaunt.—"Where have you been, or what have you been about? You look as pale as death. There is blood on your hand, and your clothes are torn. What barns-breaking have you been at? You have been drunk, Richard, and fighting."

"Fighting I have been," said Richard, "in a small way; but for being drunk, that's a job ill to manage in this town, without money to come by liquor; and as for barns-breaking, the de'il a thing's broken but my head. It's not made of iron, I wot, nor my claithes of chenzie-mail; so a club smashed the tane, and a claucht damaged the tither. Some misleard rascals abused my country, but I think I cleared the causey of them. However, the haill hive was ower mony for me at last, and I got this eclipse on the crown, and then I was carried, beyond my kenning, to a sma' booth at the Temple Port, whare they sell the whirly-gigs and mony-go-rounds that measure out time as a man wad measure a tartan web; and then they bled me, wold I nold I, and were reasonably civil, especially an auld countryman of ours, of whom more hereafter."

"And at what o'clock might this be?" said Nigel.

"The twa iron carles yonder, at the kirk beside the Port, were just banging out sax o' the clock."

"And why came you not home so soon as you recovered?" said Nigel.

"In troth, my lord, every *why* has its *wherefore*, and this has a gude ane," answered his follower. "To come hame, I behoved to ken whare hame was; now, I had clean tint the name of the wynd, and the mair I asked, the mair the folk leugh, and the farther they sent me wrang; sae I gave it up till God should send daylight to help me, and as I saw mysell near a kirk at the lang run, I e'en crap in to take up my night's quarters in the kirk-yard."

"In the church-yard?" said Nigel; "but I need not ask what drove you to such a pinch."

"It wasna sae much the want o' siller, my Lord Nigel," said Richie, with an air of mysterious importance, "for I was no sae absolute without means, of whilk mair anon; but I thought I wad never ware a saxpence sterling on ane of their

saucy chamberlains at a hostelry, sae lang as I could sleep fresh and fine in a fair, dry, spring night. Mony a time whan I hae come hame ower late, and faund the West Port steekit, and the waiter ill-willy, I have garr'd the sexton of Saint Cuthbert's calf-ward serve me for my quarters. But then there are dainty green graffs in Saint Cuthbert's kirk-yard, whare ane may sleep as if they were in a down-bed, till they hear the lavrock singing up in the air as high as the Castle; whereas, and behold, these London kirk-yards are causeyed with through-stanes, panged hard and fast thegither; and my cloak being something threadbare, made but a thin mattress, so I was fain to give up my bed before every limb about me was crippled. Dead folks may sleep yonder sound enow, but de'il haet else."

"And what became of you next?" said his master.

"I just took to a canny bulk-head, as they ca' them here; that is, the boards on the tap of their bits of outshots of stalls and booths, and there I sleeped as sound as if I was in a castle. Not but I was disturbed with some of the night-walking

queans and billies, but when they found there was nothing to be got by me but a slash of my Andrew Ferrara, they bid me good-night for a beggarly Scot; and I was e'en weel pleased to be sae cheap rid of them. And in the morning, I cam daikering here, but sad wark I had to find the way, for I had been east as far as the place they ca' Mile-End, though it is mair like sax-mile-end."

"Well, Richie," answered Nigel, "I am glad all this has ended so well—go get something to eat. I am sure you need it."

"In troth do I, sir," replied Moniplies; "but, with your lordship's leave——"

"Forget the lordship for the present, Richie, as I have often told you before."

"Faith," replied Richie, "I could weel forget that your honour was a lord, but then I behoved to forget that I am a lord's man, and that's not so easy. But, however," he added, assisting his description with the thumb and the two fore-fingers of his right hand, thrust out after the fashion of a bird's-claw, while the little finger and ring-finger were closed upon the palms, "to the

Court I went, and my friend that promised me a sight of his Majesty's most gracious presence, was as gude as his word, and carried me into the back offices, where I got the best breakfast I have had since we came here, and it did me gude for the rest of the day; for as to what I have eaten in this accursed town, it is aye sauced with the disquieting thought that it maun be paid for. After a', there was but beef banes and fat brose; but king's cauff, your honour kens, is better than ither folk's corn; at ony rate, it was aw in free awmous. But I see," he added, stopping short, "that your honour waxes impatient."

"By no means, Richie," said the young nobleman, with an air of resignation, for he well knew his domestic would not mend his pace for goading; "you have suffered enough in the embassy to have got the right to tell the story in your own way. Only let me pray for the name of the friend who was to introduce you into the King's presence. You were very mysterious on the subject, when you undertook, through his means, to have the Supplication put into his Majesty's own hands, since those sent heretofore, I

have every reason to think, went no farther than his secretary's."

"Weel, my lord," said Richie, "I did not tell you his name and quality at first, because I thought you would be affronted at the like of him having to do in your lordship's affairs. But mony a man climbs up in Court by waur help. It was just Laurie Linklater, one of the yeomen of the kitchen, that was my father's apprentice lang syne."

"A yeoman of the kitchen—a scullion!" exclaimed Lord Nigel, pacing the room in displeasure.

"But consider, sir," said Richie, composedly, "that a' your great friends hung back, and shunned to own you, or to advocate your petition; and then, though I am sure I wish Laurie a higher office, for your lordship's sake and for mine, and specially for his ain sake, being a friendly lad, yet your lordship must consider, that a scullion, if a yeoman of the King's most royal kitchen may be called scullion, may weel rank with a master-cook elsewhere; being that king's cauff, as I said before, is better than——"

"You are right, and I was wrong," said the young nobleman. "I have no choice of means of making my case known, so that they be honest."

"Laurie is as honest a lad as ever lifted a ladle," said Richie; "not but what I dare to say he can lick his fingers like other folks, and reason good. But in fine, for I see your honour is waxing impatient, he brought me to the palace, where a' was astir for the King going out to hunt or hawk on Blackheath, I think they ca'd it. And there was a horse stood with all the quarries about it, a bonny grey as ever was foaled; and the saddle and the stirrups, and the curb and bit, o' burning gowd, or silver gilded at least; and down, sir, came the King, with all his nobles, dressed out in his hunting-suit of green, doubly laced, and laid down with gowd. I minded the very face o' him, though it was lang since I saw him. But, my certie lad, thought I, times are changed since ye came fleeing down the back stairs of auld Holyrood-House, in grit fear, having your breeks in your hand without time to put them on, and Frank Stuart, the wild

Earl of Bothwell, hard at your hanches; and if auld Lord Glenvarloch hadna cast his mantle about his arm, and taken bluidy wounds mair than ane in your behalf, you wald not have craw'd sae crouse this day; and so saying, I could not but think your lordship's Sifflication could not be less than most acceptable; and so I banged in among the crowd of lords. Laurie thought me mad, and held me by the cloak-lap till the cloth rave in his hand; and so I banged in right before the King just as he mounted, and cram'd the Sifflication into his hand, and he open'd it like in amaze; and just as he saw the first line, I was minded to make a reverence, and I had the ill luck to hit his jaud o' a beast on the nose with my hat, and scaur the creature, and she swarved aside, and the King, that sits na mickle better than a draff-pock on the saddle, was like to have gotten a clean coup, and that might have cost my craig a raxing—and he flung down the paper amang the beast's feet, and cried, Away wi' the fause loon that brought it. And they grippit me, and cried Treason; and I thought of the Ruthvens that were dirked in

their ain house, for it may be as small a forfeit. However, they spak only of scourging me, and had me away to the porter's lodge to try the tawse on my back, and I was crying mercy as loud as I could; and the King, when he had righted himsell on the saddle, and gathered his breath, cried to do me nae harm; for, said he, he is ane of our ain Norland stots, I ken by the rowt of him,—and they a' laughed and rowted loud eneugh. And then he said, gie him a copy of the Proclamation, and let him go down to the North by the next light collier, before waur come o't. So they let me go, and rode out aw sniggering, laughing, and rounding in ilk ithers lugs. A sair life I had wi' Laurie Linklater; for he said it wad be the ruin of him. And then, when I told him it was in your matter, he said if he had known before he would have risked a scaud ing for you, because he minded the brave old Lord, your father. And then he shewed how I suld have done,—and that I suld have held up my hand to my brow, as if the grandeur of the King and his horse-graith thegither had casten the glaiks in my een, and mair jack-an-ape tricks

I suld hae played, instead of offering the Sifflication as if I had been bringing guts to a bear. 'For,' said he, 'Richie, the King is a weel-natured and just man of his ain kindly nature, but he has a whin maggots that maun be cannily guided; and then, Richie,' says he, in a very laigh tone, 'I would tell it to nane but a wise man like yoursell, but the King has them about him wad corrupt an angel from heaven; but I could have gi'en you avisement how to have guided him, but now it's like after meat mustard.'—'Aweel, aweel, Laurie,' said I, 'it may be as you say; but since I am clear of the tawse and the porter's lodge, sifflicate wha like, de'il hae Richie Moniplies if he come sifflicating here again.'—And so away I came, and I wasna far by the Temple Port, or Bar, or whatever they ca' it, when I met with the misadventure that I tauld you of before."

"Well, my honest Richie," said Lord Nigel, "your attempt was well meant, and not so ill conducted, I think, as to have deserved so bad an issue; but go to your beef and mustard, and we'll talk of the rest afterwards."

" There is nae mair to be spoken, sir," said his follower, " except that I met ane very honest, fair-spoken, weel put-on gentleman, or rather burgher, as I think, that was in the whigmaleery man's back-shop, and when he learned wha I was, behold he was a Scot himsell, and what is more, a town's-bairn o' the gude town, and he behoved to compel me to take this Portugal piece, to drink, forsooth—my certie, thought I, we ken better, for we will eat it—and he spoke of paying your lordship a visit."

" You did not tell him where I lived, you knave ?" said the Lord Nigel angrily. " 'Sdeath, I shall have every clownish burgher from Edinburgh come to gaze on my distress, and pay a shilling for having seen the Motion* of the Poor Noble."

" Tell him where you lived ?" said Richie, evading the question, " How could I tell him what I kenn'd na mysell ? If I had minded the name of the wynd, I need not have slept in the kirk-yard yestreen."

" See then that you give no one notice of our

* *Motion*—Puppet-shew.

lodging," said the young nobleman; "those with whom I have business I can meet at Paul's, or in the Court of Requests."

"This is steeking the stable-door when the steed is stolen," thought Richie to himself; "but I must put him on another pin."

So thinking, he asked the young lord what was in the Proclamation which he still held folded in his hand; "for, having little time to spell at it," said he, "your lordship well knows I ken nought about it but the grand blazon at the tap—the lion has gotten a claught of our auld Scottish shield now, but it was as weel upheld when it had an unicorn on ilk side of it."

Lord Nigel read the Proclamation, and he coloured deep with shame and indignation as he read; for the purport was, to his injured feelings, like the pouring of ardent spirits upon a recent wound.

"What deil's in the paper, my lord?" said Richie, unable to suppress his curiosity as he observed his master change colour, "I wadna ask such a thing, only the Proclamation is not a private thing, but is meant for a' men's hearing."

" It is indeed meant for all men's hearing," replied Lord Nigel, " and it proclaims the shame of our country, and the ingratitude of our Prince.

" Now the Lord preserve us, and to publish it in London too !" ejaculated Moniplies.

" Hark ye, Richard," said Nigel Olifaunt, " in this paper the Lords of the Council set forth, that, ' in consideration of the resort of idle persons of low condition forth from his Majesty's kingdom of Scotland to his English Court—filling the same with their suits and supplications, and dishonouring the royal presence with their base, poor, and beggarly persons, to the disgrace of their country in the estimation of the English; these are to prohibit the skippers, masters of vessels, and others, in every part of Scotland, from bringing such miserable creatures up to Court, under pain of fine and imprisonment.' "

" I marle the skipper took us on board," said Richie.

" Then you need not marvel how you are to get back again," said Lord Nigel, " for here is a clause which says, that such idle suitors are to be transported back to Scotland at his Majesty's ex

pence, and punished for their audacity with stripes, stocking, or incarceration, according to their demerits—that is to say, I suppose, according to the degree of their poverty, for I see no other demerit qualified."

"This will scarcely," said Richie, "square with our old proverb—

A King's face
Should give grace;

But what says the paper further, my lord?"

"O, only a small clause which especially concerns us, making some still heavier denunciations against those suitors who shall be so bold as to approach the Court, under pretext of seeking payment of old debts due to them by the King, which, the paper states, is of all species of importunity that which is most odious to his Majesty."

"The King has neighbours in that matter," said Richie; "but it is not every one that can shift off that sort of cattle so easily as he does."

Their conversation was here interrupted by a knocking at the door. Olifaunt looked out at the window, and saw an elderly respectable person

whom he knew not. Richie also peeped, and recognized, but recognizing, chose not to acknowledge, his friend of the preceding evening. Afraid that his share in the visit might be detected, he made his escape out of the apartment under pretext of going to his breakfast; and left their landlady the task of ushering Master George into Lord Nigel's apartment, which she performed with much courtesy.

CHAPTER IV.

> Ay, sir, the clouted shoe hath oft times craft in't,
> As says the rustic proverb; and your citizen,
> In's grogram suit, gold chain, and well-black'd shoes,
> Bears under his flat cap oft times a brain
> Wiser than burns beneath the cap and feather,
> Or seethes within the statesman's velvet night-cap.
>
> *Read me my Riddle.*

The young Scottish nobleman received the citizen with distant politeness, expressing that sort of reserve by which those of the higher ranks are sometimes willing to make a plebeian sensible that he is an intruder. But Master George seemed neither displeased nor disconcerted. He assumed the chair, which, in deference to his respectable appearance, Lord Nigel offered to him, and said, after a moment's pause, during which he had looked attentively at the young man, with respect not unmingled with emotion—" You will forgive me for this rude-

ness, my lord; but I was endeavouring to trace in your youthful countenance the features of my good old Lord, your excellent father."

There was a moment's pause ere young Glenvarloch replied, still with a reserved manner,—"I have been reckoned like my father, sir,—and am happy to see any one that respects his memory. But the business which calls me to this city is of a hasty as well as a private nature, and——"

"I understand the hint, my lord," said Master George, "and would not be guilty of long detaining you from business, or more agreeable conversation. My errand is almost done when I have said, that my name is George Heriot, warmly befriended, and introduced into the employment of the royal family of Scotland, more than twenty years since, by your excellent father; and that, learning from a follower of yours that your lordship was in this city in prosecution of some business of importance, it is my duty—it is my pleasure—to wait on the son of my respected patron; and, as I am somewhat known both at the court and in the city, to offer him such aid in the further-

ing of his affairs, as my credit and experience may be able to afford."

"I have no doubt of either, Master Heriot," said Lord Nigel, "and I thank you heartily for the good-will with which you have placed them at a stranger's disposal; but my business at court is done and ended, and I intend to leave London, and, indeed, the island, for foreign travel and military service. I may add that the suddenness of my departure occasions my having little time at my disposal."

Master Heriot did not take the hint, but sat fast, with an embarrassed countenance however, like that of one who had something to say that he knew not exactly how to make effectual. At length he said, with a dubious smile, "You are fortunate, my lord, in having so soon dispatched your business at court. Your talking landlady informs me you have been but a fortnight in this city. It is usually months and years ere the Court and a suitor shake hands and part."

"My business," said Lord Nigel, with a brevity which was intended to stop further discussion, "was summarily dispatched."

Still Master Heriot remained seated, and there was a cordial good-humour added to the reverence of his appearance, which rendered it impossible for Lord Nigel to be more explicit in requesting his absence.

"Your lordship has not yet had time," said the citizen, still attempting to sustain the conversation, "to visit the places of amusement,—the play-houses, and other places to which youth resort. But I see in your lordship's hand one of the new-invented plots of the piece, which they hand about of late—May I ask what play?"

"Oh! a well-known piece," said Lord Nigel, impatiently throwing down the Proclamation, which he had hitherto been twisting to and fro in his hand,—"an excellent and well-approved piece—*A New Way to Pay Old Debts*."

Master Heriot stooped down, saying, "Ah! my old acquaintance, Philip Massinger;" but, having opened the paper and seen the purport, he looked at Lord Nigel Olifaunt with surprise, saying, "I trust your lordship does not think this prohibition can extend either to *your* person or your claims?"

"I should scarce have thought so myself," said the young nobleman; "but so it proves. His Majesty, to close this discourse at once, has been pleased to send me this Proclamation, in answer to a respectful Supplication for the repayment of large loans advanced by my father for the service of the state, in the King's utmost emergencies."

"It is impossible!" said the citizen—"it is absolutely impossible!—If the King could forget what was due to your father's memory, still he would not have wished—would not, I may say, have dared—to be so flagrantly unjust to the memory of such a man as your father, who, dead in the body, will long live in the memory of the Scottish people."

"I should have been of your opinion," answered Lord Nigel, in the same tone as before; "but there is no fighting with facts."

"What was the tenor of this Supplication?" said Heriot; "or by whom was it presented? Something strange there must have been in the contents, or——"

"You may see my original draught," said the young Lord, taking it out of a small travelling strong-box; "the technical part is by my lawyer in Scotland, a skilful and sensible man; the rest is my own, drawn, I hope, with due deference and modesty."

Master Heriot hastily cast his eye over the draught. "Nothing," he said, "can be more well-tempered and respectful. Is it possible the King can have treated this petition with contempt?"

"He threw it down on the pavement," said the Lord of Glenvarloch, "and sent me for answer that Proclamation, in which he classes me with the paupers and mendicants from Scotland, who disgrace his court in the eyes of the proud English—that is all. Had not my father stood by him with heart, sword, and fortune, he might never have seen the Court of England himself."

"But by whom was this Supplication presented, my lord?" said Heriot; "for the distaste taken at the messenger will sometimes extend itself to the message."

"By my servant," said the Lord Nigel; "by the man you saw, and, I think, were kind to."

"By your servant, my lord?" said the citizen; "he seems a shrewd fellow, and doubtless a faithful; but surely——"

"You would say," said Lord Nigel, "he is no fit messenger to a King's presence?—Surely he is not; but what could I do? Every attempt I had made to lay my case before the King had miscarried, and my petitions got no farther than the budgets of clerks and secretaries; this fellow pretended he had a friend in the household that would bring him to the King's presence,—and so——"

"I understand," said Heriot; "but, my lord, why should you not, in right of your rank and birth, have appeared at court, and required an audience, which could not have been denied to you?"

The young lord blushed a little, and looked at his dress, which was very plain; and, though in perfect good order, had the appearance of having seen service.

"I know not why I should be ashamed of speaking the truth," he said, after a momentary hesitation,—"I had no dress suitable for appearing at court. I am determined to incur no expences which I cannot discharge; and I think you, sir, would not advise me to stand at the palace-door in person, and deliver my petition, along with those who are in very deed pleading their necessity, and begging an alms."

"That had been, indeed, unseemly," said the citizen; "but yet, my lord, my mind runs strangely that there must be some mistake.—Can I speak with your domestic?"

"I see little good it can do," answered the young lord, "but the interest you take in my misfortunes seems sincere, and therefore——" He stamped on the floor, and in a few seconds afterwards Moniplies appeared, wiping from his beard and moustaches the crumbs of bread, and the froth of the ale-pot, which plainly shewed how he had been employed.—"Will your lordship grant permission," said Heriot, "that I ask your groom a few questions?"

"His lordship's page, Master George," answered Moniplies, with a nod of acknowledgment, "if you are minded to speak according to the letter."

"Hold your saucy tongue," said his master, "and reply distinctly to the questions you are to be asked."

"And *truly*, if it like your pageship," said the citizen, "for you may remember I have a gift to discover falset."

"Weel, weel, weel," replied the domestic, somewhat embarrassed, in spite of his effrontery—"though I think that the sort of truth that serves my master, may weel serve ony ane else."

"Pages lie to their masters by right of custom," said the citizen; "and you write yourself in that band, though I think you be among the oldest of such springalds; but to me you must speak truth, if you would not have it end in the whipping-post."

"And that's e'en a bad resting-place," said the well-grown page; "so come away with your questions, Master George."

"Well, then," demanded the citizen, "I am

given to understand that you yesterday presented to his Majesty's hand a Supplication, or petition, from this honourable Lord, your master."

"Troth, there's nae gainsaying that, sir," replied Moniplies; "there were enow to see it besides me."

"And you pretend that his Majesty flung it from him with contempt," said the citizen. "Take heed, for I have means of knowing the truth; and you were better up to the neck in the Nor-Loch, which you like so well, than tell a leasing where his Majesty's name is concerned."

"There is nae occasion for leasing-making about the matter," answered Moniplies, firmly; "his Majesty e'en flung it frae him as if it had dirtied his fingers."

"You hear, sir," said Olifaunt, addressing Heriot.

"Hush!" said the sagacious citizen; "this fellow is not ill named—he has more plies than one in his cloak.—Stay, fellow," for Moniplies, muttering somewhat about finishing his breakfast, was beginning to shamble towards the door, "answer me this further question—When you

gave your master's petition to his Majesty, gave you nothing with it?"

"Ou, what should I give wi' it, ye ken, Master George?"

"That is what I desire and insist to know," replied his interrogator.

"Weel then—I am not free to say, that may be, I might not just slip into the King's hand a wee bit sifflication of mine ain, along with my lord's—just to save his Majesty trouble—and that he might consider them baith at ance."

"A supplication of your own, you varlet!" said his master.

"Ou, dear ay, my lord," said Richie—"puir bodies hae their bits of sifflications as weel as their betters."

"And pray, what might your worshipful petition import?" said Mr Heriot.—"Nay, for heaven's sake, my lord, keep your patience, or we shall never learn the truth of this strange matter.—Speak out, sirrah, and I will stand your friend with my lord."

"It's a lang story to tell—but the upshot is, that it's a scrape of an auld accompt due to my

father's yestate by her Majesty the King's maist gracious mother, when she lived in the Castle, and had sundry providings and furnishings forth of our booth, whilk nae doubt was an honour to my father to supply, and whilk, doubtless, it will be a credit to his Majesty to satisfy, as it will be grit convenience to me to receive the saam."

"What string of impertinence is this?" said his master.

"Every word as true as e'er John Knox spoke," said Richie; "here's the bit double of the siffli-cation."

Master George took a crumpled paper from the fellow's hand, and said, muttering betwixt his teeth—"'Humbly sheweth—um—um—his Majesty's maist gracious mother—um—um—justly addebted and owing the sum of fifteen merks—the compt whereof followeth——Twelve nowte's feet for jillies—ane lamb, being Christmas—ane roasted capin in grease for the privy chalmer, when my Lord of Bothwell suppit with her grace.'—I think, my lord, you can hardly be surprised that the King gave this petition a brisk

reception; and I conclude, Master Page, that you took care to present your own supplication before your master's."

"Troth did I not," answered Moniplies, "I thought to have given my lord's first, as was reason gude; and besides that, it wad have red the gate for my ain little bill. But what wi' the dirdum an confusion, an the loupin here and there of the skeigh brute of a horse, I believe I crammed them baith into his hand cheek by jowl, and maybe my ain was boonmost; and say there was aught wrang, I am sure I had a' the fright and a' the risk——"

"And shall have all the beating, you rascal knave," said Nigel; "am I to be insulted and dishonoured by your pragmatical insolence, in blending your base concerns with mine?"

"Nay, nay, nay, my lord," said the good-humoured citizen, interposing; "I have been the means of bringing the fellow's blunder to light—allow me interest enough with your lordship to be bail for his bones. You have cause to be angry, but still I think the knave mistook more out of conceit than of purpose; and I judge you will

have the better service of him another time, if you overlook this fault.—Get you gone, sirrah —I'll make your peace."

"Na, na," said Moniplies, keeping his ground firmly, "if he likes to strike a lad that has followed him for pure love, for I think there has been little servant's fee between us, aw the way frae Scotland, just let my lord be doing, and see the credit he will get by it—and I would rather (mony thanks to you though, Master George,) stand by a lick of his batton, than it suld e'er be said a stranger came between us."

"Go then," said his master, "and get out of my sight."

"Aweel I wot that is sune done," said Moniplies, retiring slowly; "I did not come without I had been ca'd for—and I wad have been away half an hour since with my gude will, only Maister George keepit me to answer his interrogation, forsooth, and that has made aw this stir."

And so he made his grumbling exit, with the tone much rather of one who has sustained an injury, than who has done wrong.

"There never was a man so plagued as I am

with a malapert knave!—The fellow is shrewd, and I have found him faithful—I believe he loves me too, and he has given proofs of it—but then he is so uplifted in his own conceit, so self-willed, and so self-opinioned, that he seems to become the master and I the man; and whatever blunder he commits, he is sure to make as loud complaints, as if the whole error lay with me, and in no degree with himself."

"Cherish him, and maintain him, nevertheless," said the citizen; "for believe my grey hairs, that affection and fidelity are now rarer qualities in a servitor, than when the world was younger. Yet trust him, my good lord, with no commission above his birth or breeding, for you see yourself how it may chance to fall."

"It is but too evident, Master Heriot," said the young nobleman; "and I am sorry I have done injustice to my sovereign, and your master. But I am, like a true Scotsman, wise behind hand—the mistake has happened—my Supplication has been refused, and my only resource is to employ the rest of my means to carry Moniplies and

myself to some counterscarp, and die in the battle-front like my ancestors."

"It were better to live and serve your country like your noble father, my lord," replied Master George. "Nay, nay, never look down or shake your head—the King has not refused your Supplication, for he has not seen it—you ask but justice, and that his place obliges him to give to his subjects—ay, my lord, and I will say that his natural temper doth in this hold bias with his duty."

"I were well pleased to think so, and yet——" said Nigel Olifaunt,—"I speak not of my own wrongs, but my country hath many that are unredressed."

"My lord," said Master Heriot, "I speak of my royal master, not only with the respect due from a subject—the gratitude to be paid by a favoured servant, but also with the frankness of a free and loyal Scotsman. The King is himself well disposed to hold the scales of justice even; but there are those around him who can throw without detection their own selfish wishes and

base interests into the scale. You are already a sufferer by this, and without your knowing it."

"I am surprised, Master Heriot," said the young lord, "to hear you, upon so short an acquaintance, talk as if you were familiarly acquainted with my affairs."

"My lord," replied the goldsmith, "the nature of my employment affords me direct access to the interior of the palace; I am well known to be no meddler in intrigues or party affairs, so that no favourite has as yet endeavoured to shut against me the door of the royal closet; on the contrary, I have stood well with each while he was in power, and I have not shared the fall of any. But I cannot be thus connected with the Court, without hearing, even against my will, what wheels are in motion, and how they are checked or forwarded. Of course, when I chuse to seek such intelligence, I know the sources in which it is to be traced. I have told you why I was interested in your lordship's fortunes. It was last night only that I knew you were in this city, yet I have been able, in coming hither this morn-

ing, to gain for you some information respecting the impediments to your suit."

" Sir, I am obliged by your zeal, however little it may be merited," answered Nigel, still with some reserve ; " yet I hardly know how I have deserved this interest."

" First let me satisfy you that it is real," said the citizen ; " I blame you not for being unwilling to credit the fair professions of a stranger in my inferior class of society, when you have met so little friendship from relations, and those of your own rank, bound to have assisted you by so many ties. But mark the cause. There is a mortgage over your father's extensive estate, to the amount of 40,000 merks, due ostensibly to Peregrine Peterson, the Conservator of Scottish Privileges at Campvere."

" I know nothing of a mortgage," said the young lord ; " but there is a wadset for such a sum, which, if unredeemed, will occasion the forfeiture of my whole paternal estate, for a sum not above a fourth of its value—and it is for that very reason that I press the King's government for a settlement of the debts due to my father,

that I may be able to redeem my land from this rapacious creditor."

"A wadset in Scotland," said Heriot, "is the same with a mortgage on this side of the Tweed; but you are not acquainted with your real creditor. The Conservator Peterson only lends his name to shroud no less a man than the Lord Chancellor of Scotland, who hopes, under cover of this debt, to gain possession of the estate himself, or perhaps to gratify a yet more powerful third party. He will probably suffer his creature Peterson to take possession, and when the odium of the transaction shall be forgotten, the property and lordship of Glenvarloch will be conveyed to the great man by his obsequious instrument, under cover of a sale, or some similar device."

"Can this be possible?" said Lord Nigel; "the Chancellor wept when I took leave of him—called me his cousin—even his son—furnished me with letters, and, though I asked him for no pecuniary assistance, excused himself unnecessarily for not pressing it on me, alleging the expences of his rank and his large family. No, I cannot believe a nobleman would carry deceit so far"

"I am not, it is true, of noble blood," said the citizen; "but once more I bid you look on my grey hairs, and think what can be my interest in dishonouring them with falsehood in affairs in which I have no interest, save as they regard the son of my benefactor. Reflect also, have you had any advantage from the Lord Chancellor's letters?"

"None," said Nigel Olifaunt, "save cold deeds and fair words. I have thought for some time, their only object was to get rid of me—there was one who yesterday pressed money on me when I talked of going abroad, in order that I might not want the means of exiling myself."

"Right," said Heriot; "rather than you fled not, they would themselves furnish wings for you to fly withal."

"I will to him this instant," said the incensed youth, "and tell him my mind of his baseness."

"Under your favour," said Heriot, detaining him, "you shall not do so. By a quarrel you would become the ruin of me your informer; and though I would venture half my shop to do your

lordship a service, I think you would hardly wish me to come by damage, when it can be of no service to you."

The word *shop* sounded harshly in the ear of the young nobleman, who replied hastily—" Damage, sir?—so far am I from wishing you to incur damage, that I would to heaven you would cease your fruitless offers of serving one whom there is no chance of ultimately assisting."

" Leave me alone for that," said the citizen ; " you have now erred as far on the bow-hand. Permit me to take this Supplication—I will have it suitably engrossed, and take my own time, (and it shall be an early one,) for placing it, with more prudence I trust than that used by your follower, in the King's hand—I will almost answer for his taking up the matter as you would have him—but should he fail to do so, even then I will not give up the good cause."

" Sir," said the young nobleman, " your speech is so friendly, and my own estate so helpless, that I know not how to refuse your kind proffer, even while I blush to accept it at the hands of a stranger".

"We are, I trust, no longer such," said the goldsmith; "and for my guerdon, when my mediation proves successful, and your fortunes are re-established, you shall order your first cupboard of plate from George Heriot."

"You would have a bad paymaster, Master Heriot," said Lord Nigel.

"I do not fear that," replied the goldsmith; "and I am glad to see you smile, my lord—methinks it makes you look still more like the good old lord your father; and it emboldens me beside to bring out a small request—that you would take a homely dinner with me to-morrow. I lodge hard beside, in Lombard street. For the cheer, my lord, a mess of white broth, a fat capon well larded, a dish of beef collops for auld Scotland's sake, and it may be a cup of right old wine, that was barrelled before Scotland and England were one nation—Then for company, one or two of our own loving countrymen—and may be my housewife may find out a bonny Scots lass or so."

"I would accept your courtesy, Master Heriot," said Nigel, "but I hear the city ladies of

London like to see a man gallant—I would not like to let down a Scottish nobleman in their ideas, as doubtless you have said the best of our poor country, and I rather lack the means of bravery for the present."

"My lord, your frankness leads me a step farther," said Master George. "I—I owed your father some monies; and—nay, if your lordship looks at me so fixedly I shall never tell my story—and, to speak plainly, for I never could carry a lie well through in my life—it is most fitting, that, to solicit this matter properly, your lordship should go to court in a manner beseeming your quality. I am a goldsmith, and live by lending money as well as by selling plate. I am ambitious to put an hundred pounds to be at interest in your hands, till your affairs are settled."

"And if they are never favourably settled?" said Nigel.

"Then, my lord," returned the citizen, "the miscarriage of such a sum will be of little consequence to me, compared with other subjects of regret."

"Master Heriot," said the Lord Nigel, "your favour is generously offered, and shall be frankly accepted. I must presume that you see your way through this business, though I hardly do; for I think you would be grieved to add any fresh burthen to me, by persuading me to incur debts which I am not likely to discharge. I will, therefore, take your money, under the hope and trust that you will enable me to repay you punctually."

"I will convince you, my lord," said the goldsmith, "that I mean to deal with you as a creditor from whom I expect payment; and, therefore, you shall, with your own good pleasure, sign an acknowledgment for these monies, and an obligation to content and repay me."

He then took from his girdle his writing materials, and writing a few lines to the purport he expressed, pulled out a small bag of gold from a side-pouch under his cloak, and, observing that it should contain an hundred pounds, proceeded to tell out the contents very methodically upon the table. Nigel Olifaunt could not help inti-

mating that this was an unnecessary ceremonial, and that he would take the bag of gold on the word of his obliging creditor; but this was repugnant to the old man's forms of transacting business.

"Bear with me," he said, "my good lord,—we citizens are a wary and thrifty generation; and I should lose my good name for ever within the toll of Paul's, were I to grant quittance, or take acknowledgment, without bringing the money to actual tale. I think it be right now—and, body of me," he said, looking out at the window, "yonder come my boys with my mule; for I must Westward Hoe. Put your monies aside, my lord; it is not well to be seen with such gold-finches chirping about one in the lodgings of London. I think the lock of your casket be indifferent good; if not, I can serve you at an easy rate with one that has held thousands;—it was the good old Sir Faithful Frugal's;—his spendthrift son sold the shell when he had eaten the kernel—and there is the end of a city-fortune."

"I hope yours will make a better termination, Master Heriot," said the Lord Nigel.

"I hope it will, my lord," said the old man, with a smile; "but," to use honest John Bunyan's phrase—'therewithal the water stood in his eyes,' "it has pleased God to try me with the loss of two children; and for one adopted child who lives —ah! woe is me! and well-a-day!—But I am patient and thankful; and for the wealth God has sent me, it shall not want inheritors while there are orphan lads in Auld Reekie.—I wish you good morrow, my lord."

"One orphan has cause to thank you already," said Nigel, as he attended him to the door of his chamber, where, resisting further escort, the old citizen made his escape.

As, in going down stairs, he passed the shop where Dame Christie stood becking, he made civil inquiries after her husband. The dame of course regretted his absence; but he was down, she said, at Deptford, to settle with a Dutch ship-master.

"Our way of business, sir," she said, "takes

him much from home, and my husband must be the slave of every tarry jacket that wants but a pound of oakum."

"All business must be minded, dame," said the goldsmith. "Make my remembrances—George Heriot of Lombard-street's remembrances, to your good man. I have dealt with him—he is just and punctual—true to time and engagements;—be kind to your noble guest, and see he wants nothing. Though it be his pleasure at present to lie private and retired, there be those that care for him, and I have a charge to see him supplied; so that you may let me know by your husband, my good dame, how my lord is, and whether he wants aught."

"And so he *is* a real lord after all?" said the good dame. "I am sure I always thought he looked like one. But why does he not go to Parliament then?"

"He will, dame," answered Heriot, "to the Parliament of Scotland, which is his own country."

"Oh! he is but a Scots lord, then," said the

good dame; "and that's the thing makes him ashamed to take the title, as they say."

"Let him not hear *you* say so, dame," replied the citizen.

"Who, I, sir?" answered she; "no such matter in my thought, sir. Scot or English, he is at any rate a likely man, and a civil man; and rather than he should want any thing, I would wait upon him myself, and come as far as Lombard-street to wait upon your worship too."

"Let your husband come to me, good dame," said the goldsmith, who, with all his experience and worth, was somewhat of a formalist and disciplinarian. "The proverb says, 'House goes mad when women gad;' and let his lordship's own man wait upon his master in his chamber—it is more seemly. God give ye good-morrow."

"Good-morrow to your worship," said the dame, somewhat coldly; and so soon as the adviser was out of hearing, was ungracious enough to mutter, in contempt of his counsel, "Marry quep of your advice, for an old Scotch tinsmith, as you are! My husband is as wise, and very near as old, as yourself; and if I please him, it

is well enough ; and though he is not just so rich just now as some folks, yet I hope to see him ride upon his moyle, with a foot-cloth, and have his two blue-coats after him, as well as they do."

CHAPTER V.

Wherefore come ye not to court?
Certain 'tis the rarest sport;
There are silks and jewels glistening,
Prattling fools and wise men listening,
Bullies among brave men justling,
Beggars amongst nobles bustling;
Low-breath'd talkers, minion lispers,
Cutting honest throats by whispers;
Wherefore come ye not to court?
Skelton swears 'tis glorious sport.

Skelton Skeltonizeth.

It was not entirely out of parade that the benevolent citizen was mounted and attended in that manner, which, as the reader has been informed, excited a gentle degree of spleen on the part of Dame Christie, which, to do her justice, vanished in the little soliloquy which we have recorded. The good man, besides the natural desire to maintain the exterior of a man of worship, was at present bound to Whitehall in or-

der to exhibit a piece of valuable workmanship to King James, which he deemed his Majesty might be pleased to view, or even to purchase. He himself was therefore mounted upon his caparisoned mule, that he might the better make his way through the narrow, dirty, and crowded streets; and while one of his attendants carried under his arm the piece of plate, wrapped up in red baize, the other two gave an eye to its safety; for such was the state of the police of the metropolis, that men were often assaulted in the public street for the sake of revenge or of plunder; and those who apprehended being beset, usually endeavoured, if their estate admitted such expense, to secure themselves by the attendance of armed followers. And this custom, which was at first limited to the nobility and gentry, extended by degrees to those citizens of consideration, who being understood to travel with a charge, as it was called, might otherwise have been selected as safe subjects of plunder by the street-robber.

As Master George Heriot paced forth westward with this gallant attendance, he paused at

the shop-door of his countryman and friend, the ancient horologer, and having caused Tunstall, who was in attendance, to adjust his watch by the real time, he desired to speak with his master; in consequence of which summons, the old Time-meter came forth from his den, his face like a bronze bust, darkened with dust, and glistening here and there with copper filings, and his senses so bemused in the intensity of calculation, that he gazed on his friend the goldsmith for a minute before he seemed personally to comprehend who he was, and heard him express his invitation to David Ramsay, and pretty Mistress Margaret, his daughter, to dine with him next day at noon, to meet with a noble young countryman, without returning any answer.

"I'll make thee speak, with a murrain to thee," muttered Heriot to himself; and suddenly changing his tone, he said aloud,—"I pray you, neighbour David, when are you and I to have a settlement for the bullion wherewith I supplied you to mount yonder castle's hall-clock at Theobald's, and that other whirligig that you made for

the Duke of Buckingham? I have had the Spanish house to satisfy for the ingots, and I must needs put you into mind that you have been eight months behind hand."

There is something so sharp and *aigre* in the demand of a peremptory dun, that no human tympanum, however inaccessible to other tones, can resist the application. David Ramsay started at once from his reverie, and answered in a pettish tone, "Wow, George, man, what needs aw this din about sax score o' pounds? Aw the world kens I can answer aw claims on me, and you proffered yoursell fair time, till his maist gracious Majesty and the noble Duke suld make settled accompts wi' me; and ye may ken, by your ain experience, that I canna gang rowting like an unmannered Highland stot to their doors, as ye come to mine."

Heriot laughed, and replied, "Well, David, I see a demand of money is like a bucket of water about your ears, and makes you a man of the world at once. And now, friend, will you tell me, like a Christian man, if you will dine with me to-morrow at noon, and bring pretty Mistress

Margaret, my god-daughter, with you, to meet with our noble young countryman, the Lord of Glenvarloch?"

"The young Lord of Glenvarloch!" said the old mechanist; "wi' aw my heart, and blithe I will be to see him again. We have not met these forty years—he was two years before me at the humanity classes—he is a sweet youth."

"That was his father—his father—his father—you old dotard Dot-and-carry-one that you are," answered the goldsmith. "A sweet youth he would have been by this time, had he lived, worthy nobleman. This is his son, the Lord Nigel."

"His son!" said Ramsay; "maybe he will want something of a chronometer, or watch—few gallants care to be without them now-a-days."

"He may buy half your stock-in-trade, if ever he comes to his own, for what I know," said his friend; "but Davie, remember your bond, and use me not as you did when my housewife had the sheep's-head and the cock-a-leek boiling for you as late as two of the clock, afternoon."

"She had the more credit by her cookery," answered David, now fully awake; "a sheep's head, over-boiled, were poison, according to our saying."

"Well," answered Master George, "but as there will be no sheep's-head to morrow, it may chance you to spoil a dinner which a proverb cannot mend. It may be you may forgather with your friend Sir Mungo Malagrowther, for I purpose to ask his worship; so, be sure and bide tryste, Davie."

"That will I—I will be true as a chronometer," said Ramsay.

"I will not trust you though," replied Heriot.—"Hear you, Jenkin boy, tell Scots Janet to tell pretty Mistress Margaret, my god-child, she must put her father in remembrance to put on his best doublet to-morrow, and to bring him to Lombard Street at noon. Tell her they are to meet a brave young Scots lord."

Jenkin coughed that sort of dry short cough uttered by those who are either charged with errands which they do not like, or hear opinions to which they must not enter a dissent.

"Umph!" repeated Master George, who, as we have already noticed, was something of a martinet in domestic discipline; "what does *umph* mean? Will you do mine errand, or not, sirrah?"

"Sure, Master George Heriot," said the apprentice, touching his cap. "I only meant that Mistress Margaret was not likely to forget such an invitation."

"Why, no," said Master George, "she is a dutiful girl to her god-father, though I sometimes call her a jill-flirt. And, hark ye, Jenkin, you and your comrade had best come with your clubs, to see your master and her safely home; but first shut shop, and loose the bull-dog, and let the porter stay in the fore-shop till your return. I will send two of my knaves with you, for I hear these wild youngsters of the Temple are broken out worse and lighter than ever."

"We can keep their steel in order with good handbats," said Jenkin; "and never trouble your servants for the matter."

"Or, if need be," said Tunstall, "we have swords as well as the Templars."

"Fye upon it—fye upon it, young man," said the citizen—"An apprentice with a sword!—Marry, Heaven forefend. I would as soon see him in a hat and feather."

"Well, sir," said Jenkin—"we will find arms fitting to our station, and will defend our master and his daughter, if we should tear up the very stones of the pavement."

"There spoke a London 'prentice bold," said the citizen; "and, for your comfort, my lads, you shall crush a cup of wine to the health of the fathers of the city. I have my eye on both of you—you are thriving lads, each in his own way.—God be wi' you, Davie. Forget not to-morrow, at noon." And so saying, he again turned his mule's head westward, and crossed Temple-Bar, at that slow and decent amble which at once became his rank and civic importance, and put his pedestrian followers to no inconvenience to keep up with him.

At the Temple Gate he again paused, dismounted, and sought his way into one of the small booths occupied by scriveners in the neighbourhood. A young man with lank smooth hair,

combed straight to his ears, and then cropped short, rose with a cringing reverence, pulled off a slouched hat, which he would, upon no signal, replace on his head, and answered, with much demonstration of reverence, to the goldsmith's question of, " How goes business, Andrew ?" " Aw the better for your worship's kind countenance and maintenance."

" Get a large sheet of paper, man, and make a new pen, with a sharp neb and fine hair-stroke —do not slit the quill up sae high, its a wastrife course in your trade, Andrew; they that do not mind corn-pickles, never come to forpits. I have known a learned man write a thousand pages with one quill."

" Ah ! sir," said the lad, who listened to the goldsmith, though instructing him in his own trade, with an air of veneration and acquiescence, " how sune ony puir creature like mysell may rise in the world, wi' the instruction of such a man as your worship !"

" My instructions are few, Andrew, soon told, and not hard to practise. Be honest—be indus-

trious—be frugal, and you will soon win wealth and worship.—Here, copy me this Supplication in your best and most formal hand. I will wait by you till it is done."

The youth lifted not his eye from the paper, and laid not the pen from his hand, until the task was finished to the employer's satisfaction. The citizen then gave the young scrivener an angel, and bidding him, on his life, to be secret in all business entrusted to him, again mounted his mule, and rode on westward along the Strand.

It may be worth while to remind our readers, that the Temple-Bar which Heriot passed, was not the arched screen, or gateway, of the present day, but an open railing, or palisade, which at night, and in times of alarm, was closed with a barricade of posts and chains. The Strand also, along which he rode, was not, as now, a continued street, although it was beginning already to assume that character. It still might be considered as an open road, along the south side of which stood various houses and hotels belonging to the nobility, having gardens behind them

down to the water-side, with stairs to the river for the convenience of taking boat, which mansions have bequeathed the names of their lordly owners to many of the streets leading from the Strand to the Thames. The north side of the Strand was also a long line of houses, behind which, as in Saint Martin's Lane, and other points, buildings were rapidly arising; but Covent-Garden was still a garden, in the literal sense of the word, or at least but beginning to be studded with irregular buildings. All that was passing around, however, marked the rapid increase of a capital which had long enjoyed peace, wealth, and a regular government. Houses were arising in every direction, and the shrewd eye of our citizen already saw the period not distant which should convert the nearly open highway on which he travelled, into a connected and regular street, uniting the court and the town with the city of London.

He next passed Charing Cross, which was no longer the pleasant solitary village at which the judges were wont to breakfast on their way to Westminster Hall; and began to resemble the ar-

tery through which, to use Johnson's expression, "pours the full tide of London population." The buildings were rapidly increasing, yet scarcely gave even a faint idea of its present appearance.

At last Whitehall received our traveller, who passed under one of the beautiful gates designed by Holbein, and composed of tesselated brick-work, being the same to which Moniplies had profanely likened the West-Port of Edinburgh, and entered the ample precincts of the palace of Whitehall, now full of all the confusion attending improvement. It was just at the time when James, little suspecting that he was employed in constructing a palace, from the window of which his only son was to pass to die upon a scaffold before it, was busied in removing the ancient and ruinous buildings of De Burgh, Henry VIII., and Queen Elizabeth, to make way for the superb architecture on which Inigo Jones exerted all his genius. The King, ignorant of futurity, was now engaged in pressing on his work, and for that purpose still maintained his royal apartments at Whitehall, amidst the rubbish of old buildings, and the various confusion attending the erection

of the new pile, which formed at present a labyrinth not easily to be traversed.

The goldsmith to the Royal Household, and who, if fame spoke true, oftentimes acted as their banker, (for these professions were not as yet separated from each other,) was a person of too much importance to receive the slightest interruption from centinel or porter; and leaving his mule and two of his followers in the outer court, he gently knocked at a postern-gate of the building, and was presently admitted, while the most trusty of his attendants followed him closely with the piece of plate under his arm. This man also he left behind him in an anti-room, where three or four pages in the royal livery, but untrussed, unbuttoned, and dressed more carelessly than the place and nearness to a King's person seemed to admit, were playing at dice and draughts, or stretched upon benches, and slumbering with half-shut eyes. A corresponding gallery, which opened from the anti-room, was occupied by two gentlemen-ushers of the chamber, who gave each a smile of recognition as the wealthy goldsmith entered.

No word was spoken on either side, but one of the ushers looked first to Heriot, and then to a little door half-covered by the tapestry, which seemed to say as plain as a look could—"Lies your business that way?" The citizen nodded, and the court-attendant, moving on tiptoe and with as much caution as if the floor had been paved with eggs, advanced to the door, opened it gently, and spoke a few words in a low tone. The broad Scottish accent of King James was heard in reply—"Admit him instanter, Maxwell. Have ye hairboured sae lang at the court, and not learned that gold and silver is ever welcome?"

The usher signed to Heriot to advance, and the honest citizen was presently introduced into the cabinet of the Sovereign.

The scene of confusion amid which he found the King seated, was no bad picture of the state and quality of James's own mind. There was much that was rich and costly in cabinet pictures and valuable ornaments, but they were slovenly arranged, covered with dust, and lost half their

value, or at least their effect, from the manner in which they were presented to the eye. The table was loaded with huge folios, amongst which lay light books of jest, and ribaldry; and amongst notes of unmercifully long orations, and essays on king-craft, were mingled miserable roundels and ballads by the royal 'Prentice, as he styled himself, in the art of poetry, and schemes for the general pacification of Europe, with a list of the names of the King's hounds, and remedies against canine madness.

The King's dress was of green velvet, quilted so full as to be dagger-proof, which gave him the appearance of clumsy and ungainly protuberance; while its being buttoned awry communicated to his figure an air of distortion. Over his green doublet he wore a sad-coloured night-gown, out of the pocket of which peeped his hunting-horn. His high-crowned grey hat lay on the floor, covered with dust, but encircled by a carkanet of large balas rubies; and he wore a blue velvet night-cap, in the front of which was placed the plume of a heron, which had been struck down by a favourite hawk in some critical moment of

the flight, in remembrance of which the King wore this highly honoured feather.

But such inconsistencies in dress and appointments were mere outward types of those which existed in the royal character, rendering it a subject of doubt amongst his contemporaries, and bequeathing it as a problem to future historians. He was deeply learned, without possessing useful knowledge; sagacious in many individual cases, without having real wisdom; fond of his power, and desirous to maintain and augment it, yet willing to resign the direction of that and of himself, to the most unworthy favourites; a big and bold assertor of his rights in words, yet one who tamely saw them trampled on in deeds; a lover of negociations, in which he was always outwitted; and a fearer of war, where conquest might have been easy. He was fond of his dignity, while he was perpetually degrading it by undue familiarity; capable of much public labour, yet often neglecting it for the meanest amusement; a wit, though a pedant; and a scholar, though fond of the conversation of the igno-

rant and uneducated. Even his timidity of temper was not uniform, and there were moments of his life, and those critical, in which he shewed the spirit of his ancestors. He was laborious in trifles, and a trifler where serious labour was required; devout in his sentiments, and yet too often profane in his language; just and beneficent by nature, he yet gave way to the iniquities and oppression of others. He was penurious respecting money which he had to give from his own hand, yet inconsiderately and unboundedly profuse of that which he did not see. In a word, those good qualities which displayed themselves in particular cases and occasions, were not of a nature sufficiently firm and comprehensive to regulate his general conduct; and, shewing themselves as they occasionally did, only entitled James to the character bestowed on him by Sully—that he was the wisest fool in Christendom.

That the fortunes of this monarch might be as little of a piece as his character, he, certainly the least able of the Stuarts, succeeded peaceably to that kingdom, against the power of which

his predecessors had, with so much difficulty, defended his native throne. And, lastly, although his reign appeared calculated to ensure to Great Britain that lasting tranquillity and internal peace which so much suited the King's disposition, yet, during that very reign, were sown those seeds of dissension, which, like the teeth of the fabulous dragon, had their harvest in a bloody and universal civil war.

Such was the monarch, who, saluting Heriot familiarly by the name of Jingling Geordie, (for it was his well-known custom to give nick-names to all his familiars,) inquired what new clatter-traps he had brought with him, to cheat his lawful and native Prince out of his siller.

"God forbid, my liege," said the citizen, "that I should have any such disloyal purpose. I did but bring a piece of plate to shew to your most gracious Majesty, which, both for the subject and for the workmanship, I were loth to put into the hands of any subject until I knew your Majesty's pleasure anent it."

"Body o' me, man, let's see it, Heriot; though,

by my saul, Steenie's service o' plate was sae dear a bargain, I had 'maist pawned my word as a Royal King, to keep my ain gold and silver in future, and let you, Geordie, keep yours."

"Respecting the Duke of Buckingham's plate," said the goldsmith, "your Majesty was pleased to direct that no expence should be spared, and——"

"What signifies what I desired, man? when a wise man is with fules and bairns, he maun e'en play at the chucks. But you should have had mair sense and consideration than to gie Babie Charles and Steenie their ain gate; they wad hae floored the very rooms wi' silver, and I wonder they didna."

George Heriot bowed, and said no more. He knew his master too well to vindicate himself otherwise than by a distant allusion to his order; and James, with whom economy was only a transient and momentary twinge of conscience, became immediately afterwards desirous to see the piece of plate which the goldsmith proposed to exhibit, and dispatched Maxwell to bring it to

his presence. In the meantime he demanded of the citizen whence he had procured it.

" From Italy, may it please your Majesty," replied Heriot.

" It has naething in it tending to papestrie ?" said the King, looking graver than his wont.

" Surely not, please your Majesty," said Heriot; " I were not wise to bring any thing to your presence that had the mark of the beast."

" You would be the mair beast yourself to do so," said the King; " it is well kenn'd that I wrestled wi' Dagon in my youth, and smote him on the groundsill of his own temple; a gude evidence that I should be in time called, however unworthy, the Defender of the Faith.—But here comes Maxwell, bending under his burthen, like the Golden Ass of Apuleius."

Heriot hastened to relieve the usher, and to place the embossed salver, for such it was, and of extraordinary dimensions, in a light favourable for his Majesty's viewing the sculpture.

" Saul of my body, man," said the King, " it is a curious piece, and, as I think, fit for a King's

chalmer; and the subject, as you say, Master George, vera adequate and beseeming—being, as I see, the judgment of Solomon—a prince in whose paths it weel becomes a' leeving monarchs to walk with emulation."

"But whose footsteps," said Maxwell, "only one of them—if a subject may say so much—hath ever overtaken."

"Haud your tongue, for a fause fleeching loun," said the King, but with a smile on his face that shewed the flattery had done its part. "Look at the bonnie piece of workmanship, and haud your clavering tongue.—And whase handy-work may it be, Geordie?"

"It was wrought, sir," replied the goldsmith, "by the famous Florentine, Benvenuto Cellini, and designed for Francis the First of France; but I hope it will find a fitter master."

"Francis of France!" said the King; "send Solomon, King of the Jews, to Francis of France!—Body of me, man, it would have kythed Cellini mad, had he never done ony thing else out of the gate. Francis!—why, he was a fighting fule, man—a mere fighting fule,—got himsell ta'en at

Pavia, like our ain David at Durham lang syne;—if they could hae sent him Solomon's wit, and love of peace and godliness, they wad hae dune him a better turn. But Solomon should sit in other gate company than Francis of France."

"I trust that such will be his good fortune," said Heriot.

"It is a curious and vera artificial sculpture," said the King, in continuation; "but yet, methinks, the crucifix, or executioner there, is brandishing his gulley ower near the King's face, seeing he is within reach of his weapon. I think less wisdom than Solomon's wald have taught him that there was danger in edge-tools, and that he wald have bidden the smaik either sheath his shable, or stand farther back."

George Heriot endeavoured to alleviate this objection, by assuring the King that the vicinity betwixt Solomon and the executioner was nearer in appearance than in reality, and that the perspective should be allowed for.

"Gang to the de'il wi' your prospective, man," said the King; "there canna be a waur prospective for a lawfu' king, wha wishes to reign in luve,

and die in peace and honour, than to have naked swords flashing in his een. I am accounted as brave as maist folks; and yet I profess to ye I could never look on a bare blade without blinking and winking. But a' thegether it is a brave piece;—and what is the price of it, man?"

The goldsmith replied by observing, that it was not his own property, but that of a distressed countryman.

"Whilk you mean to mak your excuse for asking the double of its worth, I warrant," answered the King. "I ken the tricks of you burrows-town merchants, man."

"I have no hopes of baffling your Majesty's sagacity," said Heriot; "the piece is really what I say, and the price a hundred and fifty pounds sterling, if it pleases your Majesty to make present payment."

"A hundred and fifty punds, man! and as mony witches and warlocks to raise them!" said the irritated Monarch. "My saul, Jingling Geordie, ye are minded that your purse shall jingle to a bonnie tune!—How am I to tell you down a hundred and fifty punds for what will

not weigh as many merks? and ye ken that my very household servitors, and the officers of my mouth, are sax months in arrear!"

The goldsmith stood his ground against all this objurgation, as being what he was well accustomed to, and only answered, that, if his Majesty liked the piece, and desired to possess it, the price could be easily settled. It was true that the party could not want the money, but he, George Heriot, would advance it on his Majesty's account, if such were his pleasure, and wait his royal conveniency for payment, for that and other matters; the money, meanwhile, lying at the ordinary usage.

"By my honour," said James, "and that is speaking like an honest and reasonable tradesman. We maun get another subsidy frae the Commons, and that will make ac compting of it. Awa wi' it, Maxwell—awa wi' it, and let it be set where Steenie and Babie Charles shall see it as they return from Richmond.—And now that we are secret, my good auld friend Geordie, I do truly opine, that speaking of Solomon and ourselves, the hail wisdom in the country

left Scotland, when we took our travels to the Southland here."

George Heriot was courtier enough to say, "that the wise naturally follow the wisest, as stags follow their leader."

"Troth, I think there is something in what thou sayest," said James; "for we ourselves, and those of our court and household, as thou thyself, for example, are allowed by the English, for as self-opinioned as they are, to pass for reasonable good wits; but the brains of those we have left behind are all astir, and run clean hirdie-girdie, like sae mony warlocks and witches on the Devil's Sabbath-e'en."

"I am sorry to hear this, my liege," said Heriot. "May it please your grace to say what our countrymen have done to deserve such a character?"

"They are become frantic, man—clean brain-crazed," answered the King. "I cannot keep them out of the Court by all the proclamations that the heralds roar themselves hoarse with. Yesterday, nae farther gane, just as we were mounted, and about to ride forth, in rushed a

thorough Edinburgh gutterblood—a ragged rascal, every dud upon whose back was bidding good-day to the other, with a coat and hat that would have served a pease-bogle, and, without havings or reverence, thrusts into our hands, like a sturdy beggar, some Supplication about debts owing by our gracious mother, and sic-like trash; whereat the horse spangs on end, and, but for our admirable sitting, wherein we have been thought to excel maist sovereign princes, as well as subjects, in Europe, I promise you we would have been laid endlang on the causeway."

"Your Majesty," said Heriot, "is their common father, and therefore they are the bolder to press into your gracious presence."

"I ken I am *pater patriæ* well enough," said James; "but one would think they had a mind to squeeze my puddings out, that they may divide the inheritance. Ud's death, Geordie, there is not a loon among them can deliver a Supplication, as it suld be done in the face of majesty."

"I would I knew the most fitting and beseeming mode to do so," said Heriot, "were it but to instruct our poor countrymen in better fashions."

"By my halidome," said the King, "ye are a ceevileezed fellow, Geordie, and I care na if I fling awa as much time as may teach ye. And, first, see you, sir—ye shall approach the presence of majesty thus,—shadowing your eyes with your hand, to testify that you are in the presence of the Vicegerent of Heaven.—Vara weel, George, that is done in a comely manner.—Then, sir, ye sall kneel, and make as if ye would kiss the hem of our garment, the latch of our shoe, or such like.—Vara weel enacted—whilk we, as being willing to be debonair and pleasing towards our lieges, prevent thus,—and motion to you to rise; —whilk, having a boon to ask, as yet you obey not, but, gliding your hand into your pouch, bring forth your Supplication, and place it reverentially in our open palm." The goldsmith, who had complied with great accuracy with all the prescribed points of the ceremonial, here completed it, to James's no small astonishment, by placing in his hand the petition of the Lord of Glenvarloch. "What means this, ye fause loon?" said he, reddening and sputtering; "hae I been teaching you the manual exercise, that ye

suld present your piece at our ain royal body ?—Now, by this light, I had as lief that ye had bended a real pistolet against me, and yet this hae ye done in my very cabinet, where nought suld enter but at my ain pleasure."

"I trust, your Majesty," said Heriot, as he continued to kneel, "will forgive my exercising the lesson you condescended to give me in the behalf of a friend?"

"Of a friend!" said the King; "so much the waur—so much the waur, I tell you. If it had been something to do *yoursell* good, there would have been some sense in it, and some chance that you wald not have come back on me in a hurry; but a man may have a hundred friends, and petitions for every ane of them, ilk ane after other."

"Your Majesty, I trust," said Heriot, "will judge me by former experience, and will not suspect me of such presumption."

"I kenna," said the placable monarch; "the world goes daft, I think—*sed semel insanivimus omnes*—thou art my old and faithful servant, that is the truth; and, wer't any thing for thy own behoof, man, thou shouldest not ask twice.

But, troth, Steenie loves me so dearly, that he cares not that any one should ask favours of me but himself.—Maxwell, (for the usher had re-entered after having carried off the plate,) get into the anti-chamber wi' your lang lugs.—In conscience, Geordie, I think as that thou hast been mine ain auld fiduciary, and wert my goldsmith when I might say with the Ethnic poet—*Non mea renidet in domo lacunar*—for, faith, they had pillaged my mither's auld house sae, that beechen bickers, and treen trenchers, and latten platters, were whiles the best at our board, and glad we were of something to put on them, without quarrelling with the metal of the dishes. D'ye mind, for thou wert in maist of our complots, how we were fain to send sax of the Blue-banders to harry the Lady of Loganhouse's dow-cote and poultry-yard, and what an awfu' plaint the poor dame made against Jock of Milch, and the thieves of Annandale, wha were as sackless of the deed as I am of the sin of murther?"

"It was the better for Jock," said Heriot; "for if I remember weel, it saved him from a strap-

ping up at Dumfries, which he had weel deserved for other misdeeds."

"Ay, man, mind ye that?" said the King; "but he had other virtues, for he was a tight huntsman, moreover, that Jock of Milch, and could hollow to a hound till all the woods rang again. But he came to an Annandale end at the last, for Lord Torthorwald run his lance out through him.—Cocksnails, man, when I think of these wild passages, in my conscience, I am not sure but we lived merrier in auld Holyrood in these shifting days, than now when we are dwelling at heck and manger. *Cantabit vacuus*—we had but little to care for."

"And if your Majesty please to remember," said the goldsmith, "the awful task we had to gather silver-vessail and gold-work enough to make some shew before the Spanish Ambassador."

"Vera true," said the King, now in a full tide of gossip, "and I mind not the name of the right leal lord that helped us with every unce he had in his house, that his native Prince might have some credit in the eyes of them that had the Indies at their beck."

"I think if your Majesty," said the citizen, "will cast your eye on the paper in your hand; you will recollect his name."

"Ay!" said the King, "say ye sae, man?—Lord Glenvarloch, that was his name indeed—*Justus et tenax propositi*—A just man, but as obstinate as a baited bull. He stood whiles against us, that Lord Randal Olifaunt of Glenvarloch, but he was a loving and a leal subject in the main. But this supplicator maun be his son—Randal has been long gone where king and lord must go, Geordie, as well as the like of you—and what does his son want with us?"

"The settlement," answered the citizen, "of a large debt due by your Majesty's treasury, for money advanced to your Majesty in great state emergency, about the time of the Raid of Ruthven."

"I mind the thing weel," said King James—"Od's death, man, I was just out of the clutches of the Master of Glamis and his complices, and there was never siller mair welcome to a born Prince,—the mair the shame and pity that crowned King should need sic a petty sum. But what

need he dun us for it, man, like a baxter at the breaking? We aught him the siller, and will pay him wi' our convenience, or mak it otherwise up to him, whilk is enow between prince and subject—We are not *in meditatione fugæ*, man, to be arrested thus peremptorily."

"Alas! an it please your Majesty," said the goldsmith, shaking his head, "it is the poor young nobleman's extreme necessity, and not his will, that makes him importunate; for he must have money, and that briefly, to discharge a debt due to Peregrine Peterson, Conservator of the Privileges at Campvere, or his haill hereditary barony and estate of Glenvarloch will be evicted in virtue of an unredeemed wadset."

"How say ye, man—how say ye?" exclaimed the King impatiently; "the carle of a Conservator, the son of a Low-Dutch skipper, evict the auld estate and lordship of the house of Olifaunt?—God's bread, man, that maun not be—we maun suspend the diligence by writ of favour, or otherwise."

"I doubt that may hardly be," answered the citizen, "if it please your Majesty; your learn-

ed counsel in the law of Scotland advise, that there is no remeid but in paying the money."

"Uds fish," said the King, "let him keep haud by the strong hand against the carle, until we can take some order about his affairs."

"Alas!" insisted the goldsmith, "if it like your Majesty, your own pacific government and your doing of equal justice to all men, has made main force a kittle line to walk by, unless just within the bounds of the Highlands."

"Weel—weel—weel, man," said the perplexed monarch, whose ideas of justice, expedience, and convenience, became on such occasions strangely embroiled; "just it is we should pay our debts, that the young man may pay his; and he must be paid, and *in verbo regis* he shall be paid—but how to come by the siller, man, is a difficult chapter—ye maun try the city, Geordie."

"To say the truth," answered Heriot, "please your gracious Majesty, what betwixt loans and benevolences, and subsidies, the city is at this present——"

"Donna tell me of what the city is," said King James; "our Exchequer is as dry as Dean Giles's

discourses on the penitentiary psalms—*Ex nihilo nihil fit*—It's ill taking the breeks aff a wild Highlandman—they that come to me for siller, should tell me how to come by it—the city ye maun try, Heriot; and donna think to be called Jingling Geordie for nothing—and *in verbo regis* I will pay the lad if you get me the loan—I wonnot haggle on the terms; and between you and me, Geordie, we will redeem the brave auld estate of Glenvarloch.—But wherefore comes not the young lord to Court, Heriot—is he comely—is he presentable in the presence?"

"No one can be more so," said George Heriot; "but——"

"Ay, I understand ye," said his Majesty—"I understand ye—*Res angusta domi*—puir lad—puir lad!—and his father a right true leal Scots heart, though stiff in some opinions. Hark ye, Heriot, let the lad have twa hundred pounds to fit him out. And, here—here—(taking the carcanet of rubies from his old hat)—ye have had these in pledge before for a larger sum, ye auld Levite that ye are. Keep them in gage, till I gie ye back the siller out of the next subsidy."

"If it please your Majesty to give me such directions in writing," said the cautious citizen.

"The de'il is in your nicety, George," said the King; "ye are as preceese as a Puritan in form, and a mere Nullifidian in the marrow of the matter. May not a King's word serve you for advancing your pitiful twa hundred pounds?"

"But not for detaining the crown jewels," said George Heriot.

And the King, who from long experience was inured to dealing with suspicious creditors, wrote an order upon George Heriot, his well-beloved goldsmith and jeweller, for the sum of two hundred pounds, to be paid presently to Nigel Olifaunt, Lord of Glenvarloch, to be imputed as so much debts due to him by the crown; and authorizing the retention of a carcanet of balas rubies, with a great diamond, as described in a Catalogue of his Majesty's Jewels, to remain in possession of the said George Heriot, advancer of the said sum, and so forth, until he was lawfully contented and paid thereof. By another rescript, his Majesty gave the said George Heriot directions to deal with some of the moneyed men, upon

equitable terms, for a sum of money for his Majesty's present use, not to be under 50,000 merks, but as much more as could conveniently be procured.

"And has he ony lair, this Lord Nigel of ours?" said the King.

George Heriot could not exactly answer this question; but believed "the young lord had studied abroad."

"He shall have our own advice," said the King, "how to carry on his studies to maist advantage; and it may be we will have him come to court, and study with Steenie, and Babie Charles. And, now we think on't, away—away, George—for the bairns will be coming hame presently, and we would not as yet they kenned of this matter we have been treating anent. *Propera pedem*, O Geordie. Clap your mule between your houghs, and god-den with you."

Thus ended the conference betwixt the gentle King Jamie and his benevolent jeweller and goldsmith.

CHAPTER VI.

O I do know him—'tis the mouldy lemon
Which our court wits will wet their lips withal,
When they would sauce their honied conversation
With somewhat sharper flavour.—Marry, sir,
That virtue's well nigh left him—all the juice
That was so sharp and poignant, is squeez'd out;
While the poor rind, although as sour as ever,
Must season soon the draff we give our grunters,
For two-legg'd things are weary on't.

The Chamberlain—A Comedy.

THE good company invited by the hospitable citizen assembled at his house in Lombard-street at the " hollow and hungry hour" of noon, to partake of that meal which divides the day; being about the time when modern persons of fashion, turning themselves upon their pillow, begin to think, not without a great many doubts and much hesitation, that they will by and by commence it.

Thither came the young Nigel, arrayed plainly, but in a dress, nevertheless, more suitable to his age and quality than he had formerly worn, accompanied by his servant Moniplies, whose outside also was considerably improved. His solemn and stern features glared forth from under a blue velvet bonnet, fantastically placed sideways on his head—he had a sound and tough coat of English blue broad-cloth, which, unlike his former vestment, would have stood the tug of all the apprentices in Fleet-street. The buckler and broadsword he wore as the arms of his condition, and a neat silver badge, bearing his lord's arms, announced that he was an appendage of aristocracy. He sat down in the good citizen's buttery, not a little pleased to find his attendance upon the table in the hall was like to be rewarded with his share of a meal such as he had seldom partaken of.

Mr David Ramsay, that profound and ingenious mechanic, was safely conducted to Lombard-street, according to promise, well washed, brushed, and cleaned, from the soot of the furnace and the forge. His daughter came with him, a girl about twenty years old, very pretty,

very demure, yet with lively black eyes, that ever and anon contradicted the expression of sobriety, to which silence, reserve, a plain velvet hood, and cambric ruff, had condemned Mistress Marget, as the daughter of a quiet citizen.

There were also two citizens and merchants of London, men ample in cloak, and many-linked golden chain, well to pass in the world, and experienced in their craft of merchandize, but who require no particular description. There was an elderly clergyman also, in his gown and cassock, a decent venerable man, partaking in his manners of the plainness of the citizens amongst whom he had his cure.

These may be dismissed with brief notice; but not so Sir Mungo Malagrowther, of Girnigo Castle, who claims a little more attention, as an original character of the time in which he flourished.

That good knight knocked at Master Heriot's door just as the clock began to strike twelve, and was seated in his chair ere the last stroke had chimed. This gave the knight an excellent opportunity of making sarcastic observations on

all who came later than himself, not to mention a few rubs at the expence of those who had been so superfluous as to appear earlier.

Having little or no property save his bare designation, Sir Mungo had been early attached to Court in the capacity of whipping-boy, as the office was then called, to King James the Sixth, and, with his Majesty, trained to all polite learning by his celebrated preceptor, George Buchanan. The office of whipping-boy doomed its unfortunate occupant to undergo all the corporeal punishment which the Lord's Anointed, whose proper person was of course sacred, might chance to incur, in the course of travelling through his grammar and prosody. Under the stern rule, indeed, of George Buchanan, who did not approve of the vicarious mode of punishment, James bore the penance of his own faults, and Mungo Malagrowther enjoyed a sinecure; but James's other pedagogue, Master Patrick Young, went more ceremoniously to work, and appalled the very soul of the youthful king by the floggings which he bestowed on the whipping-boy, when the royal task was not suitably performed. And

be it told to Sir Mungo's praise, that there were points about him in the highest respect suited to his official situation. He had even in youth a naturally irregular and grotesque set of features, which, when distorted by fear, pain, and anger, looked like one of the whimsical faces which present themselves in a Gothic cornice. His voice also was high-pitched and querulous, so that, when smarting under Master Peter Young's unsparing inflictions, the expression of his grotesque physiognomy, and the super-human yells which he uttered, were well suited to produce all the effects on the monarch who deserved the lash, that could possibly be produced by seeing another and an innocent individual suffering for his delict.

Sir Mungo Malagrowther, for such he became, thus got an early footing at court, which another would have improved and maintained. But when he grew too big to be whipped, he had no other means of rendering himself acceptable. A bitter, caustic, and backbiting humour, a malicious wit, and an envy of others more prosperous than the possessor of such amiable qualities, have not in-

deed always been found obstacles to a courtier's rise; but then they must be amalgamated with a degree of selfish cunning and prudence, of which Sir Mungo had no share. His satire run riot, his envy could not conceal itself, and it was not long after his majority till he had as many quarrels upon his hands as would have required a cat's nine lives to answer. In one of these rencontres he received, perhaps we should say fortunately, a wound, which served him as an excuse for answering no invitations of the kind in future. Sir Rullion Rattray, of Ranagullion, cut off, in mortal combat, three of the fingers of his right hand, so that Sir Mungo never could hold sword again. At a later period, having written some satirical verses upon the Lady Cockpen, he received so severe a chastisement from some persons employed for the purpose, that he was found half dead on the spot where they had thus dealt with him, and one of his thighs having been broken, and ill set, gave him a hitch in his gait, with which he hobbled to his grave. The lameness of his leg and hand, besides that they added considerably to the grotesque appearance of this original,

procured him in future a personal immunity from the more dangerous consequences of his own humour; and he gradually grew old in the service of the court, in safety of life and limb, though without either making friends or attaining preferment. Sometimes, indeed, the King was amused with his caustic sallies, but he had never art enough to improve the favourable opportunity; and his enemies, (who were upon the matter the whole court,) always found means to throw him out of favour again. The celebrated Archie Armstrong offered Sir Mungo, in his generosity, a skirt of his own fool's coat, proposing thereby to communicate to him the privileges and immunities of a professed jester—" For," said the man of motley, " Sir Mungo, as he goes on just now, gets no more for a good jest than just the King's pardon for having made it."

Even in London, the golden shower which fell around him, did not moisten the blighted fortunes of Sir Mungo Malagrowther. He grew old, deaf, and peevish—lost even the spirit which had formerly animated his strictures, and was barely endured by James, who, though himself nearly as far stricken in years, retained, to an unusual and

even an absurd degree, the desire to be surrounded by young people. Sir Mungo, thus fallen into the yellow leaf of years and fortune, shewed his emaciated form and faded embroidery at court as seldom as his duty permitted; and spent his time in indulging his food for satire, in the public walks and in the aisles of Saint Paul's, which were then the general resort of newsmongers and characters of all descriptions, associating himself chiefly with such of his countrymen as he accounted of inferior birth and rank to himself. In this manner, hating and contemning commerce and those who pursued it, he nevertheless lived a good deal among the Scottish artists and merchants who had followed the court to London. To these he could shew his cynicism without much offence, for some submitted to his jeers and ill-humour in deference to his birth and knighthood, which in those days conferred high privileges; and others, of more sense, pitied and endured the old man, unhappy alike in his fortunes and his temper.

Amongst the latter was George Heriot, who, though his habits and education induced him to

carry aristocratical feelings to a degree which would now be thought extravagant, had too much spirit and good sense to permit himself to be intruded upon to an unauthorized excess, or used with the slightest improper freedom, by such a person as Sir Mungo, to whom he was, nevertheless, not only respectfully civil, but essentially kind and even generous.

Accordingly this appeared from the manner in which Sir Mungo Malagrowther conducted himself upon entering the apartment. He paid his respects to Master Heriot, and a decent, elderly, somewhat severe-looking female, in a coif, who, by the name of Aunt Judith, did the honours of his house and table, with little or no portion of the supercilious acidity which his singular physiognomy assumed when he made his bow successively to David Ramsay and the two sober citizens. He thrust himself into the conversation of the latter, to observe, he had heard in Paul's that the bankrupt concerns of Pindivide, a great merchant, who, as he expressed it, had given the crows a pudding, (and on whom

he knew, from the same authority, each of the honest citizens had some unsettled claim,) was like to prove a total loss—" stock and block, ship and cargo, keel and rigging, all lost, now and for ever."

The two citizens grinned on each other, but, too prudent to make their private affairs the subject of public discussion, drew their heads together, and evaded further conversation by speaking in a whisper. The old Scotch knight next attacked the watchmaker with the same unrespective familiarity. "Davie," he said,—" Davie, ye donnard auld ideot, have ye no gane mad yet with applying your mathematical science, as ye call it, to the Book of Apocalypse? I expected to have heard ye make out the sign of the beast as clear as a tout on a bawbee whistle."

" Why, Sir Mungo," said the mechanist, after making an effort to recal to his recollection what had been said to him, and by whom, " it may be that ye are nearer the mark than ye are yoursell aware of—for taking the ten horns o' the beast, ye may easily estimate by your digitals——"

"My digits! you d—d auld rusty good-for-nothing time-piece!" exclaimed Sir Mungo, while betwixt jest and earnest, he laid on his hilt his hand, or rather his claw, (for Sir Rullion's broad-sword had abridged it into that form,)—"D'ye mean to upbraid me with my mutilation?"

Master Heriot interfered. "I cannot persuade our friend David," he said, "that scriptural prophecies are intended to remain in obscurity, until their unexpected accomplishment shall make, as in former days, that fulfilled which was written. But you must not exert your knightly valour on him for all that."

"By my saul, and it would be throwing it away," said Sir Mungo, laughing. "I would as soon set out with hound and horn to hunt a sturdied sheep, for he is in a doze again, and up to the chin in numerals, quotients, and dividends.—Mistress Margaret, my pretty honey," for the beauty of the young citizen made even Sir Mungo Malagrowther's grim features relax themselves a little, "Is your father always as entertaining as he seems just now?"

Mistress Margaret simpered, bridled, looked to either side, then straight before her, and having assumed all the airs of bashful embarrassment and timidity which were necessary, as she thought, to cover a certain shrewd readiness which really belonged to her character, at length replied, "that indeed her father was very thoughtful, but she had heard that he took the habit of mind from her grandfather."

"Your grandfather!" said Sir Mungo, after doubting if he had heard her aright,—"said she her grandfather! The lassie is destraught. I ken nae wench on this side of Temple Bar that is derived from so distant a relation."

"She has got a godfather, however, Sir Mungo," said George Heriot, again interfering; "and I hope you will allow him interest enough with you to request you will not put his pretty godchild to so deep a blush."

"The better—the better," said Sir Mungo. "It is a credit to her, that, bred and born within the sound of Bow-bell, she can blush for any thing; and, by my saul, Master George," he

continued, chucking the irritated and reluctant damsel under the chin, "she is bonny enough to make amends for her lack of ancestry, at least in such a region as Cheapside, where, d'ye mind me, the kettle cannot call the porridge-pot——"

The damsel blushed, but not so angrily as before. Master George Heriot hastened to interrupt the conclusion of Sir Mungo's homely proverb, by introducing him personally to Lord Nigel. Sir Mungo could not at first understand what his host said. "Bread of heaven, wha say ye, man?"

Upon the name of Nigel Olifaunt, Lord Glenvarloch, being again hollowed into his ear, he drew up, and, regarding his entertainer with some austerity, rebuked him for not making persons of quality acquainted with each other, that they might exchange courtesies before they mingled with other folks. He then made as handsome and courtly a congee to his new acquaintance as a man maimed in foot and hand could do; and observing he had known my lord, his father, bid

him welcome to London, and hoped he should see him at court.

Nigel in an instant comprehended, as well from Sir Mungo's manner, as from a strict compression of their entertainer's lips, which intimated the suppression of a desire to laugh, that he was dealing with an original of no ordinary description, and accordingly returned his courtesy with suitable punctiliousness. Sir Mungo, in the meanwhile, gazed on him with much earnestness; and, as the contemplation of natural advantages was as odious to him as that of wealth, or other adventitious benefits, he had no sooner completely perused the handsome form and good features of the young lord, than, like one of the comforters of the Man of Uzz, he drew close up to him to enlarge on the former grandeur of the Lords of Glenvarloch, and the regret with which he had heard that their representative was not likely to possess the domains of his ancestry. Anon, he enlarged upon the beauties of the principal mansion of Glenvarloch; the commanding site of the old castle; the noble expanse of the lake,



stocked with wild-fowl for hawking; the commanding screen of forest, terminating in a mountain-ridge abounding with deer, and all the other advantages of that fine and ancient barony, till Nigel, in spite of every effort to the contrary, was unwillingly obliged to sigh.

Sir Mungo, skilful in discerning when the withers of those he conversed with were wrung, observed that his new acquaintance winced, and would willingly have pressed the discussion; but the cook's impatient knock upon the dresser with the haft of his dudgeon-knife, now gave a signal loud enough to be heard from the top of the house to the bottom, summoning, at the same time, the serving-men to place the dinner upon the table, and the guests to partake of it. Sir Mungo, who was an admirer of good cheer, (a taste which, by the way, might have some weight in reconciling his dignity to these city visits,) was tolled off by the sound, and left Nigel and the other guests in peace, until his anxiety to place himself in his due place of pre-eminence at the genial board was duly gratified. Here, seated on the left hand of Aunt Judith, he beheld Nigel occupy the station

of yet higher honour on the right, dividing that matron from pretty Mistress Margaret; but he saw this with the more patience, that there stood betwixt him and the young lord a superb larded capon.

The dinner proceeded according to the form of the times: All was excellent of the kind, and besides the Scottish cheer promised, the board displayed beef and pudding, the statutory dainties of Old England. A small cupboard of plate, very choicely and beautifully wrought, did not escape the compliments of some of the company, and an oblique sneer from Sir Mungo, as intimating the owner's excellence in his own mechanical craft.

"I am not ashamed of the workmanship, Sir Mungo," said the honest citizen. "They say a good cook knows how to lick his own fingers, and methinks it were unseemly that I, who have furnished half the cupboards in broad Britain, should have my own covered with paltry pewter."

The blessing of the clergyman now set the guests at liberty to attack what was placed before them; and the meal went forward with great decorum, until Aunt Judith, in further recom-

mendation of the capon, assured her company that it was of a celebrated breed of poultry, which she had herself brought from Scotland.

"Then, like some of his countrymen, madam," said the pitiless Sir Mungo, not without a glance towards his landlord, "it has been well larded in England."

"There are some others of his countrymen," answered Master Heriot, "to whom all the lard in England has not been able to render that good office."

Sir Mungo sneered and reddened, the rest of the company laughed; and the satirist, who had his reasons for not coming to extremity with Master George, was silent for the rest of the dinner. The dishes were exchanged for confections, and wine of the highest quality and flavour; and Nigel saw the entertainments of the wealthiest burgomasters which he had witnessed abroad, fairly outshone by the hospitality of a London citizen. Yet there was nothing ostentatious, or which seemed inconsistent with the degree of an opulent burgher.

While the collation proceeded, Nigel, accord-

ing to the good breeding of the time, addressed his discourse principally to Mrs Judith, whom he found to be a woman of a strong Scottish understanding, more inclined towards the Puritans than was her brother George, (for in that relation she stood to him, though he always called her aunt,) attached to him in the strongest degree, and sedulously attentive to all his comforts. As the conversation of this good dame was neither lively nor fascinating, the young lord naturally addressed himself next to the old horologer's very pretty daughter, who sate upon his left hand. From her, however, there was no extracting any reply beyond the measure of a monosyllable; and when the young gallant had said the best and most complaisant things which his courtesy supplied, the smile that mantled upon her pretty mouth was so slight and evanescent, as scarce to be discernible. Nigel was beginning to tire of his company, for the old citizens were speaking with his host of commercial matters in language to him totally unintelligible, when Sir Mungo Malagrowther suddenly summoned their attention.

That amiable personage had for some time withdrawn from the company into the recess of a projecting window, so formed and placed as to command a view of the door of the house, and of the street. This situation was probably preferred by Sir Mungo on account of the number of objects which the streets of a metropolis usually offer, of a kind congenial to the thoughts of a splenetic man. What he had hitherto seen passing there, was probably of little consequence, but now a trampling of horse was heard without, and the knight suddenly exclaimed,—"By my faith, Master George, you had better go look to shop; for here comes Knighton, the Duke of Buckingham's groom, and two fellows after him, as if he were my Lord Duke himself."

"My cash-keeper is below," said Heriot, without disturbing himself, "and he will let me know if his Grace's commands require my immediate attention."

"Umph!—cash-keeper?" muttered Sir Mungo to himself; "he would have had an easy office when I first kenn'd ye. But," said he, speaking aloud, "Will you not come to the window,

at least? for Knighton has trundled a piece of silver plate into your house—ha! ha! ha!—trundled it upon its edge as a callan' would drive a hoop. I cannot help laughing—ha! ha! ha!—at the fellow's impudence."

"I believe you could not help laughing," said George Heriot, rising up and leaving the room, "if your best friend lay dying."

"Bitter that, my lord—ha!" said Sir Mungo, addressing Nigel. "Our friend is not a goldsmith for nothing—he hath no leaden wit—but I will go down and see what comes on't."

Heriot, as he descended the stairs, met his cash-keeper coming up, with some concern in his face. "Why, how now, Roberts," said the goldsmith, "what means all this, man?"

"It is Knighton, Master Heriot, from the court; Knighton, the Duke's man. He brought back the salver you carried to Whitehall, flung it into the entrance as if it had been an old pewter platter, and bade me tell you the King would have none of your trumpery."

"Ay!—indeed," said George Heriot—"none of my trumpery!—Come hither into the compt-

ing-room, Roberts.—Sir Mungo," he added, bowing to the knight, who had joined, and was preparing to follow them, "I pray your forgiveness for an instant."

In virtue of this prohibition, Sir Mungo, who, as well as the rest of the company, had overheard what passed betwixt George Heriot and his cash-keeper, saw himself condemned to wait in the outer business-room, where he would have endeavoured to slake his eager curiosity by questioning Knighton; but that emissary of greatness, after having added to the uncivil message of his master some rudeness of his own, had again scampered westward, with his satellites at his heels.

In the meanwhile, the name of the Duke of Buckingham, the omnipotent favourite both of the King and the Prince of Wales, had struck some anxiety into the party which remained in the great parlour. He was more feared than beloved, and, if not absolutely of a tyrannical disposition, was accounted haughty, violent, and vindictive. It pressed on Nigel's heart, that he himself, though he could not conceive how, nor why, might be the original cause of the resentment of

the Duke against his benefactor. The others made their comments in whispers, until the sounds reached Ramsay, who had not heard a word of what had previously passed, but, plunged in those studies with which he connected every other incident and event, took up only the catchword, and replied,—" The Duke—the Duke of Buckingham—George Villiers—ay—I have spoke with Lambe about him."

" Our Lord and our Lady! Now how can you say so, father?" said his daughter, who had shrewdness enough to see that her father was touching upon dangerous ground.

" Why, ay, child," answered Ramsay; " the stars do but incline, they cannot compel. But well you wot, it is commonly said of his Grace, by those who have the skill to cast nativities, that there was a notable conjunction of Mars and Saturn—the apparent or true time of which, reducing the calculations of Eichstadius made for the latitude of Oranienburgh to that of London, gives seven hours, fifty-five minutes, and forty-one seconds——"

"Hold your peace, old soothsayer," said Heriot, who at that instant entered the room with a calm and steady countenance; "your calculations are true and undeniable when they regard brass and wire, and mechanical force; but future events are at the pleasure of Him who bears the hearts of kings in his hands."

"Ay, but, George," answered the watchmaker, "there was a concurrence of signs at this gentleman's birth, which shewed his course would be a strange one. Long has it been said of him, he was born at the very meeting of night and day, and under crossing and contending influences that may affect both us and him.

> Full moon and high sea,
> Great man shalt thou be;
> Red dawning, stormy sky,
> Bloody death shalt thou die."

"It is not good to speak of such things," said Heriot, "especially of the great; stone walls have ears, and a bird of the air shall carry the matter."

Several of the guests seemed to be of their host's opinion. The two merchants took brief

leave, as if under consciousness that something was wrong. Mistress Margaret, her body-guard of 'prentices being in readiness, plucked her father by the sleeve, and rescuing him from a brown study, (whether referring to the wheels of Time, or to that of Fortune, is uncertain,) wished good-night to her friend Mrs Judith, and received her god-father's blessing, who, at the same time, put upon her slender finger a ring of much taste and some value; for he seldom suffered her to leave him without some token of his affection. Thus honourably dismissed, and accompanied by her escort, she set forth on her return to Fleet Street.

Sir Mungo had bid adieu to Master Heriot as he came out from the back compting-room, but such was the interest which he took in the affairs of his friend, that, when Master George went up stairs, he could not help walking into that sanctum sanctorum, to see how Master Roberts was employed. The knight found the cash-keeper busy in making extracts from those huge brass-clasped leathern-bound manuscript folios, which are the pride and trust of dealers, and the dread of cus-

tomers whose year of grace is out. The good knight leant his elbows on the desk, and said to the functionary, in a condoling tone of voice,—"What! you have lost a good customer, I fear, Master Roberts, and are busied in making out his bill of charges?"

Now it chanced that Roberts, like Sir Mungo himself, was a little deaf, and, like Sir Mungo, knew also how to make the most of it; so that he answered at cross purposes,—"I humbly crave your pardon, Sir Mungo, for not having sent in your bill of charge sooner, but my master bade me not disturb you. I will bring the items together in a moment." So saying, he began to turn over the leaves of his book of fate, murmuring, "Repairing ane silver seal—new clasp to his chain of office—ane over-gilt brooch to his hat, being a Saint Andrew's cross, with thistles—a copper gilt pair of spurs,—this to Daniel Driver, we not dealing in the article."

He would have proceeded; but Sir Mungo, not prepared to endure the recital of the catalogue of his own petty debts, and still less willing to satisfy them on the spot, wished the book-keeper,

cavalierly, good-night, and left the house without further ceremony. The clerk looked after him with a civil city sneer, and immediately resumed the more serious labours which Sir Mungo's intrusion had interrupted.

CHAPTER VII.

> Things needful we have thought on ; but the thing
> Of all most needful—that which Scripture terms,
> As if alone it merited regard,
> The ONE thing needful—that's yet unconsider'd.
>
> *The Chamberlain.*

WHEN the rest of the company had taken their departure from Master Heriot's house, the young Lord of Glenvarloch also offered to take leave ; but his host detained him for a few minutes, until all were gone excepting the clergyman.

" My lord," then said the worthy citizen, " we have had our permitted hour of honest and hospitable pastime, and now I would fain delay you for another and graver purpose, as it is our custom, when we have the benefit of good Mr Windsor's company, that he reads the prayers of the church for the evening before we separate. Your excellent father, my lord, would not have depart-

ed before family worship—I hope the same from your lordship."

"With pleasure, sir," answered Nigel; "and you add in the invitation an additional obligation to those with which you have loaded me. When young men forget what is their duty, they owe deep thanks to the friend who will remind them of it."

While they talked together in this manner, the serving-men had removed the folding-tables, brought forward a portable reading-desk, and placed chairs and hassocks for their master, their mistress, and the noble stranger. Another low chair, or rather a sort of stool, was placed close beside that of Master Heriot; and though the circumstance was trivial, Nigel was induced to notice it, because, when about to occupy that seat, he was prevented by a sign from the old gentleman, and motioned to another of somewhat more elevation. The clergyman took his station behind the reading-desk. The domestics, a numerous family both of clerks and servants, including Moniplies, attended with great gravity, and were accommodated with benches.

The household were all seated, and, externally at least, composed to devout attention, when a low knock was heard at the door of the apartment; Mrs Judith looked anxiously at her brother, as if desiring to know his pleasure. He nodded his head gravely, and looked to the door. Mrs Judith immediately crossed the chamber, opened the door, and led into the apartment a beautiful creature, whose sudden and singular appearance might have made her almost pass for an apparition. She was deadly pale—there was not the least shade of vital red to enliven features, which were exquisitely formed, and might, but for that circumstance, have been termed transcendently beautiful. Her long black hair fell down over her shoulders and down her back, combed smoothly and regularly, but without the least appearance of decoration or ornament, which looked very singular at a period when head-gear, as it was called, of one sort or other, was generally used by all ranks. Her dress was of pure white, of the simplest fashion, and hiding all her person excepting the throat, face, and hands. Her form was rather beneath than above the middle size, but so justly proportioned and

elegantly made, that the spectator's attention was entirely withdrawn from her size. In contradiction of the extreme plainness of all the rest of her attire, she wore a necklace which a duchess might have envied, so large and lustrous were the brilliants of which it was composed; and around her waist a zone of rubies of scarce inferior value.

When this singular figure entered the apartment, she cast her eyes on Nigel, and paused, as if uncertain whether to advance or retreat. The glance which she took of him seemed to be one rather of uncertainty and hesitation, than of bashfulness or timidity. Aunt Judith took her by the hand, and led her slowly forward—her dark eyes, however, continued to be fixed on Nigel, with an expression of melancholy by which he felt strangely affected. Even when she was seated on the vacant stool, which was placed there probably for her accommodation, she again looked on him more than once with the same pensive, lingering, and anxious expression, but without either shyness or embarrassment, not even so much as to call the slightest degree of complexion into her cheek.

So soon as this singular female had taken up the prayer-book, which was laid upon her cushion, she seemed immersed in devotional duty; and although Nigel's attention to the service was so much disturbed by this extraordinary apparition, that he looked towards her repeatedly in the course of the service, he could never observe that her eyes or her thoughts strayed so much as a single moment from the task in which she was engaged. Nigel himself was less attentive, for the appearance of this lady seemed so extraordinary, that, strictly as he had been bred up by his father to pay the most reverential attention during performance of divine service, his thoughts in spite of himself were disturbed by her presence, and he earnestly wished the prayers were ended, that his curiosity might obtain some gratification. When the service was concluded, and each had remained, according to the decent and edifying practice of the church, concentrated in mental devotion for a short space, the mysterious visitant arose ere any other person stirred; and Nigel remarked that none of the domestics left their places, or even moved, until she had first kneeled on one

knee to Heriot, who seemed to bless her with his hand laid on her head, and a melancholy solemnity of look and action. She then bended her body, but without kneeling, to Mrs Judith, and having performed these two acts of reverence, she left the room ; yet just in the act of her departure, she once more turned her penetrating eyes on Nigel with a fixed look, which compelled him to turn his own aside. When he looked towards her again, he saw only the skirt of her white mantle as she left the apartment.

The domestics then rose and dispersed themselves—wine, and fruit, and spices, were offered to Lord Nigel and to the clergyman, and the latter took his leave. The young lord would fain have accompanied him, in hope to get some explanation of the apparition which he had beheld, but he was stopped by his host, who requested to speak with him in his compting-room.

"I hope, my lord," said the citizen, "that your preparations for attending court are in such forwardness that you can go thither the day after to-morrow. It is perhaps the last day, for some time, that his Majesty will hold open court for

all who have pretensions by birth, rank, or office, to attend upon him. On the subsequent day he goes to Theobald's, where he is so much occupied with hunting and other pleasures, that he cares not to be intruded on."

"I shall be in all outward readiness to pay my duty," said the young nobleman, "yet I have little heart to do it. The friends from whom I ought to have found encouragement and protection, have proved cold and false—I certainly will not trouble *them* for their countenance on this occasion—and yet I must confess my childish unwillingness to enter quite alone upon so new a scene."

"It is bold of a mechanic like me to make such an offer to a nobleman," said Heriot; "but I must attend at court to-morrow.—I can accompany you as far as the presence-chamber, from my privilege as being of the household. I can facilitate your entrance, should you find difficulty, and I can point out the proper manner and time of approaching the King. But I do not know," he added, smiling, "whether these little advantages will not be overbalanced by the incongruity of a

nobleman receiving them from the hand of an old smith."

"From the hands rather of the only friend I have found in London," said Nigel, offering his hand.

"Nay, if you think of the matter in that way," replied the honest citizen, "there is no more to be said—I will come for you to-morrow, with a barge proper to the occasion.—But remember, my good young lord, that I do not, like some men of my degree, wish to take opportunity to step beyond it, and associate with my superiors in rank, and therefore do not fear to mortify my presumption, by suffering me to keep my distance in the presence, and where it is fitting for both of us to separate; and for what remains, most truly happy will I be in proving of service to the son of my ancient patron."

The style of conversation led so far from the point which had interested the young nobleman's curiosity, that there was no returning to it that night. He therefore exchanged thanks and greeting with George Heriot, and took his leave, promising to be equipped and in readiness to em-

bark with him on the second successive morning at ten o'clock.

The generation of link-boys, celebrated by Count Anthony Hamilton, as peculiar to London, had already, in the reign of James I. begun their functions, and the service of one of them, with his smoky torch, had been secured to light the young Scottish lord and his follower to their own lodgings, which, though better acquainted than formerly with the city, they might in the dark have run some danger of missing. This gave the ingenious Mr Moniplies an opportunity of gathering close up to his master, after he had gone through the form of slipping his left arm into the handles of his buckler, and loosening his broadsword in the sheath that he might be ready for whatever should befall.

"If it were not for the wine and the good cheer which we have had in yonder old man's house, my lord," said this sapient follower, "and that I ken him by report to be a just living man in many respects, and a real Edinburgh gutter-blood, I should have been well pleased to have

seen how his feet were shaped, and whether he had not a cloven cloot under the braw roses and cordovan shoon of his."

"Why, you rascal," answered Nigel, "you have been too kindly treated, and now that you have filled your ravenous stomach, you are railing on the good gentleman that relieved you."

"Under favour, no, my lord," said Moniplies,—"I would only like to see something mair about him. I have eat his meat, it is true—more shame that the like of him should have meat to give, when your lordship and me could scarce have gotten, on our own account, brose and a bear bannock—I have drank his wine too."

"I see you have," replied his master, "a great deal more than you should have done."

"Under your patience, my lord," said Moniplies, "you are pleased to say that, because I crushed a quart with that jolly boy Jenkin, as they call the 'prentice boy, and that was out of mere acknowledgment to his former kindness—I own that I, moreover, sung the good old song of Elsie Marley, so as they never heard it chaunted in their lives——"

And withal (as John Bunyan says,) as they went on their way, he sung—

> "O, do ye ken Elsie Marley, honey—
> The wife that sells the barley, honey?
> For Elsie Marley's grown sae fine,
> She winna get up to feed the swine.—
> O, do ye ken ———."

Here in mid career was the songster interrupted by the stern gripe of his master, who threatened to batton him to death if he brought the city-watch upon them by his ill-timed melody.

"I crave pardon, my lord—I humbly crave pardon—only when I think of that Jen Win, as they call him, I can hardly help humming—'O do ye ken.'—But I crave your honour's pardon, and will be totally dumb, if you command me so."

"No, sirrah!" said Nigel, "talk on, for I well know you would say and suffer more under pretence of holding your peace, than when you get an unbridled license. How is it, then? What have you to say against Master Heriot?"

It seems more than probable, that in permit-

ting this licence, the young lord hoped his attendant would stumble upon the subject of the young lady who had appeared at prayers in a manner so mysterious. But whether this was the case, or whether he merely desired that Moniplies should utter, in a subdued and under tone of voice, those spirits which might otherwise have vented themselves in obstreperous song, it is certain he permitted his attendant to proceed with his story in his own way.

"And therefore," said the orator, availing himself of his immunity, "I would like to ken what for a carle this Master Heriot is. He hath supplied your lordship with wealth of gold, as I can understand; and if he has, I make it for certain he hath had his ain end in it, according to the fashion of the world. Now had your lordship your own good lands at your guiding, doubtless this person, with most of his craft—goldsmiths they call themselves—I say usurers—wald be glad to exchange so many pounds of African dust, by whilk I understand gold, against so many fair acres and hundreds of acres of broad Scottish land."

"But you know I have no land," said the young lord, "at least none that can be affected by any debt which I can at present become obliged for—I think you need not have reminded me of that."

"True, my lord, most true; and as your lordship says, open to the meanest capacity, without any unnecessary expositions. Now therefore, my lord, unless Master George Heriot has something mair to allege as a motive for his liberality, vera different from the possession of your estate—and moreover, as he could gain little by the capture of your body, wherefore should it not be your soul that he is in pursuit of?"

"My soul, you rascal!" said the young lord; "What good should my soul do him?"

"What do I ken about that?" said Moniplies; "they go about roaring and seeking whom they may devour—doubtless, they like the food that they rage so much about—and, my lord, they say," added Moniplies, drawing up still closer to his master's side, "they say that Master Heriot has one spirit in his house already."

"How, or what do you mean?" said Nigel;

"I will break your head, you drunken knave, if you palter with me any longer."

"Drunken?" answered his trusty adherent, "and is this the story?—why, how could I but drink your lordship's health on my bare knees, when Master Jenkin began it to me?—hang them that would not—I would have cut the impudent knave's hams with my broad-sword, that should make scruple of it, and so have made him kneel when he should have found it difficult to rise again. But touching the spirit," he proceeded, finding that his master made no answer to his valorous tirade, "your lordship has seen her with your own eyes."

"I saw no spirit," said Glenvarloch, but yet breathing thick as one who expects some singular disclosure, "what mean you by a spirit?"

"You saw a young lady come into prayers, that spoke not a word to any one, only made becks and bows to the old gentleman and lady of the house—ken ye wha she is?"

"No indeed," answered Nigel; "some relation of the family, I suppose."

"De'il a bit—de'il a bit," answered Moniplies,

hastily, "not a blood-drop's kin to them, if she had a drop of blood in her body—I tell you but what all human beings allege to be truth, that dwell within hue and cry of Lombard-street—that lady, or quean, or whatever you chuse to call her, has been dead in the body these many a year, though she haunts them, as we have seen, even at their very devotions."

"You will allow her to be a good spirit at least," said Nigel Olifaunt, "since she chuses such a time to visit her friends."

"For that I ken nae, my lord," answered the superstitious follower; "I ken no spirit that would have faced the right down hammer blow of Mess John Knox, whom my father stood by in his very warst days, bating when the court was against him, which my father supplied with butcher-meat. But yon divine has another airt from powerful Master Rollock, and Mess David Black, of North Leith, and sic like.—Alack-a-day! wha can ken, if it please your lordship, whether sic prayers as the Southron read out of their auld blethering black mess-book there, may not be as powerful to invite fiends, as a right

red-hot prayer warm frae the heart, may be powerful to drive them away, even as the Evil Spirit was driven by the smell of the fish's liver from the bridal-chamber of Sara, the daughter of Raguel? As to whilk story, nevertheless, I make scruple to say whether it be truth or not, better men than I am having doubted on that matter."

"Well, well, well," said his master, impatiently, "we are now near home, and I have permitted you to speak of this matter for once, that we may have an end of your prying folly, and your ideotical superstitions, for ever. For whom do you, or your absurd authors or informers, take this lady?"

"I can say naething preceesely as to that," answered Moniplies; "certain it is her body died and was laid in the grave many a day since, notwithstanding she still wanders on earth, and chiefly amongst Master Heriot's family, though she hath been seen in other places by them that well knew her. But who she is, I will not warrant to say, or how she becomes attached, like a Highland Brownie, to some peculiar family.

They say she has a row of apartments of her own, anti-room, parlour, and bed-room; but de'il a bed she sleeps in but her own coffin, and the walls, doors, and windows are so chinked up, as to prevent the least blink of daylight from entering; and then she dwells by torch-light—"

"To what purpose, if she be a spirit?" said Nigel Olifaunt.

"How can I tell your lordship?" answered his attendant. "I thank God, I know nothing of her likings, or mislikings—only her coffin is there; and I leave your lordship to guess what a live person has to do with a coffin. As little as a ghost with a lantern, I trow."

"What reason," repeated Nigel, "can a creature so young and so beautiful, have already habitually to contemplate her bed of last long rest?"

"In troth, I kenna, my lord," answered Moniplies; "but there is the coffin, as they told me who have seen it: It is made of heben-wood, with silver nails, and lined all through with three-piled damask, might serve a princess to rest in."

"Singular," said Nigel, whose brain, like that

of most active young spirits, was easily caught by the singular and the romantic; "does she not eat with the family?"

"Who!—she!"—exclaimed Moniplies, as if surprised at the question; "they would need a lang spoon would sup with her, I trow. Always there is something put for her into the Tower, as they call it, whilk is a whigmaleery of a whirling-box, that turns round half on the tae side o' the wa', half on the t'other."

"I have seen the contrivance in foreign nunneries," said the Lord of Glenvarloch. "And is it thus she receives her food?"

"They tell me something is put in ilka day, for fashion's sake," replied the attendant; "but it's no to be supposed she would consume it, ony mair than the images of Baal and the Dragon consumed the dainty vivers that were placed before them. There are stout yeomen and chamber-queans in the house, enow to play the part of Lick it up a', as well as the threescore and ten priests of Bel, besides their wives and children."

"And she is never seen in the family but

when the hour of prayer arrives?" said the master.

"Never, that I hear of," replied the servant.

"It is singular," said Nigel Olifaunt, musing. "Were it not for the ornaments which she wears, and still more for her attendance upon the service of the Protestant Church, I would know what to think, and should believe her either a Catholic votaress, who, for some cogent reason, was allowed to make her cell here in London, or some unhappy Popish devotee who was in the course of undergoing a dreadful penance. As it is, I know not what to deem of it."

His reverie was interrupted by the link-boy knocking at the door of honest John Christie, whose wife came forth with "quips, and becks, and wreathed smiles," to welcome her honoured guest on his return to his apartment.

CHAPTER VIII

> Ay! mark the matron well—and laugh not, Harry,
> At her old steeple hat and velvet guard—
> I've call'd her like the ear of Dionysius;
> I mean that ear-form'd vault built o'er his dungeon,
> To catch the groans and discontented murmurs
> Of his poor bondsmen.—Even so doth Martha
> Drink up for her own purpose all that passes,
> Or is supposed to pass in this wide city—
> She can retail it too, if that her profit
> Shall call on her to do so; and retail it too
> For your advantage, so that you can make
> Your profit jump with hers.
>
> *The Conspiracy.*

We must now introduce to the reader's acquaintance another character, busy and important far beyond her ostensible situation in society, in a word, Dame Ursula Suddlechop, wife of Benjamin Suddlechop, the most renowned barber in all Fleet-street. This dame had her own particular merits, the principal part of which was (if her own report could be trusted,)

an infinite desire to be of service to her fellow-creatures. Leaving to her thin half-starved partner the boast of having the most dexterous snap with his fingers of any shaver in London, and the care of a shop where starved apprentices flayed the faces of those who were boobies enough to trust them, the dame drove a separate and more lucrative trade, which yet had so many odd turns and windings, that it seemed in many respects to contradict itself.

Its highest and most important duties were of a very secret and confidential nature, and Dame Ursula Suddlechop was never known to betray any transaction intrusted to her, unless she had either been indifferently paid for her service, or that some one found it convenient to give her a double douceur to make her disgorge the secret; and these contingencies happened in so few cases, that her character for trustiness remained as unimpeached as that for honesty and benevolence.

In fact, she was a most admirable matron, and could be useful to the impassioned and the frail in the rise, progress, and consequences of their

passion. She could contrive an interview for lovers who could shew proper reasons for meeting privately; she could relieve the frail fair one of the burthen of a guilty passion, and perhaps establish the hopeful offspring of unlicensed love as the heir of some family whose love was lawful, but where an heir had not followed the union. More than this she could do, and had been concerned in deeper and dearer secrets: She had been a pupil of Mrs Turner, and learned from her the secret of making the yellow starch, and, it may be, two or three other secrets of more consequence, though perhaps none that went to the criminal extent of those whereof her mistress was accused. But all that was deep and dark in her real character, was covered by the shew of outward mirth and good-humour, the hearty laugh and buxom jest with which the dame knew well how to conciliate the elder part of her neighbours, and the many petty arts by which she could recommend herself to the younger, those especially of her own sex.

Dame Ursula was, in appearance, scarce past forty, and her full, but not overgrown form, and still comely features, although her person was

plumped out, and her face somewhat coloured by good cheer, had a joyous expression of gaiety and good humour, which set off the remains of beauty in the wane. Marriages, births, and christenings, were seldom thought to be performed with sufficient ceremony, for a considerable distance round her abode, unless Dame Ursley, as they called her, was present. She could contrive all sorts of pastimes, games, and jests, which might amuse the large companies whom the hospitality of our ancestors assembled together on such occasions, so that her presence was literally considered as indispensable in the family of all citizens of ordinary rank, on such joyous occasions. So much also was she supposed to know of life and its labyrinths, that she was the willing confidant of half the loving couples in the vicinity, most of whom used to communicate their secrets, and receive their counsel from Dame Ursley. The rich rewarded her services with rings, owches, or gold pieces, which she liked still better; and she very generously gave her assistance to the poor on the same mixed principles as young practitioners in

medicine assist them, partly from compassion, and partly to keep her hand in use.

Dame Ursley's reputation in the city was the greater that her practice had extended beyond Temple-Bar, and that she had acquaintances, nay, patrons and patronesses, among the quality, whose rank, as their members were much fewer, and the prospect of approaching the courtly sphere much more difficult, bore a degree of consequence unknown to the present day, when the toe of the citizen presses so close on the courtier's heel. Dame Ursley maintained her intercourse with this superior rank of customers, partly by driving a small trade in perfumes, essences, pomades, head-gears from France, dishes or ornaments from China, then already beginning to become fashionable; not to mention drugs of various descriptions, chiefly for the use of the ladies, and partly by other services, more or less connected with the esoteric branches of her profession heretofore alluded to.

Possessing such and so many various modes of thriving, Dame Ursley was nevertheless so poor,

that she might probably have mended her own circumstances, as well as her husband's, if she had renounced them all, and set herself quietly down to the care of her own household, and to assist Benjamin in the concerns of his trade. But Ursula was luxurious and genial in her habits, and could no more have endured the stinted economy of Benjamin's board, than she could have reconciled herself to the bald chat of his conversation.

It was on the evening of the day on which Lord Nigel Olifaunt dined with the wealthy goldsmith, that we must introduce Ursula Suddlechop upon the stage. She had that morning made a long tour to Westminster, was fatigued, and had assumed a certain large elbow-chair, rendered smooth by frequent use, placed on one side of her chimney, in which there was lit a small but bright fire. Here she observed, betwixt sleeping and waking, the simmering of a pot of well-spiced ale, on the brown surface of which bobbed a small crab-apple, sufficiently roasted, while a little mulatto girl watched, still more attentively, the pro-

cess of dressing a veal sweet-bread, in a silver stew-pan which occupied the other side of the chimney. With these viands, doubtless, Dame Ursula proposed concluding the well-spent day, of which she reckoned the labour over, and the rest at her own command. She was deceived, however; for just as the ale, or, to speak technically, the lamb's-wool, was fitted for drinking, and the little dingy maiden intimated that the sweet-bread was ready to be eaten, the thin cracked voice of Benjamin was heard from the bottom of the stairs.

"Why, Dame Ursley—why, wife, I say—why, dame—why, love, you are wanted more than a strop for a blunt razor—why, dame!——"

"I would some one would draw the razor across thy wind-pipe, thou bawling ass," said the dame to herself, in the first moment of irritation, against her clamorous helpmate; and then called aloud,—"Why, what is the matter, Master Suddlechop? I am just going to slip into bed; I have been daggled to and fro the whole day."

"Nay, sweetheart, it is not me," said the

patient Benjamin, "but the Scotch laundry-maid from neighbour Ramsay's, who must speak with you incontinent."

At the word, sweetheart, Dame Ursley cast a wistful look at the mess which was stewed to a second in the stew-pan, and then replied, with a sigh,—"Bid Scotch Jenny come up, Master Suddlechop. I will be very happy to hear what she has to say;" then added in a lower tone, "and I hope she will go to the devil in the flame of a tar-barrel, like many a Scotch witch before her."

The Scotch laundress entered accordingly, and having heard nothing of the last kind wish of Dame Suddlechop, made her reverence with considerable respect, and said, her young mistress was returned home unwell, and wished to see her neighbour, Dame Ursley, directly. "And why will it not do to-morrow, Jenny, my good woman?" said Dame Ursley; "for I have been as far as Whitehall to-day already, and I am well nigh worn off my feet, my good woman."

"Aweel!" answered Jenny, with great composure, "and if that sae be sae, I maun take the langer tramp mysell, and maun gae down the

waterside for auld Mother Redcap, at the Hungerford Stairs, that deals in comforting young creatures, e'en as you do yoursell, hinny; for ane of ye the bairn maun see before she sleeps, and that's a' that I ken on't."

So saying, the old emissary, without further entreaty, turned on her heel, and was about to retreat, when Dame Ursley exclaimed,—"No, no—if the sweet child, your mistress, has any necessary occasion for good advice and kind tendance, you need not go to Mother Redcap, Janet. She may do very well for skippers' wives, chandlers' daughters, and such like; but nobody shall wait on pretty Mistress Margaret, the daughter of his most Sacred Majesty's horologer, excepting and saving myself. And so I will but take my chopines and my cloak, and put on my muffler, and cross the street to neighbour Ramsay's in an instant. But tell me yourself, good Jenny, are you not something tired of your young lady's frolics and change of mind twenty times a-day?"

"In troth, not I," said the patient drudge, "unless it may be when she is a wee fashious

about washing her laces; but I have been her keeper since she was a bairn, neighbour Suddlechop, and that makes a difference."

"Ay," said Dame Ursley, still busied putting on additional defences against the night air; "and you know for certain that she has two hundred pounds a-year in good land, at her own free disposal?"

"Left by her grandmother, Heaven rest her soul," said the Scotchwoman; "and to a daintier lassie she could not have bequeathed it."

"Very true, very true, mistress; for, with all her little whims, I have always said Mistress Margaret Ramsay was the prettiest girl in the ward; and, Jenny, I warrant the poor child has had no supper."

Jenny could not say but it was the case, for her master being out, the twa 'prentice lads had gone out after shutting shop, to fetch them home, and she and the other maid had gone out to Sandy MacGiven's, to see a friend frae Scotland.

"As was very natural, Mrs Janet," said Dame Ursley, who found her interest in assent-

ing to all sorts of propositions from all sorts of persons.

"And so the fire went out, too—," said Jenny.

"Which was the most natural of the whole," said Dame Suddlechop; "and so, to cut the matter short, Jenny, I'll carry over the little bit of supper that I was going to eat. For dinner I have tasted none, and it may be my young pretty Mistress Marget will eat a morsel with me; for it is mere emptiness, Mistress Jenny, that often puts these fancies of illness into young folk's heads." So saying, she put the silver posset-cup with the ale into Jenny's hands, and assuming her mantle with the alacrity of one determined to sacrifice inclination to duty, she hid the stew-pan under its folds, and commanded Wilsa, the little mulatto girl, to light them across the street.

"Whither away, so late?" said the barber, whom they passed seated with his starveling boys round a mess of stock-fish and parsnips, in the shop below.

"If I were to tell you, Gaffie," said the dame, with most contemptuous coolness, "I do not

think you could do my errand, so I will e'en keep it to myself." Benjamin was too much accustomed to his wife's independent mode of conduct, to pursue his inquiry farther; nor did the dame tarry for farther question, but marched out at the door, telling the eldest of the boys "to sit up till her return, and look to the house the whilst."

The night was dark and rainy, and although the distance betwixt the two shops was short, it allowed Dame Ursley leisure enough, while she strode along with high-tucked petticoats, to embitter it by the following grumbling reflections—"I wonder what I have done, that I must needs trudge at every old beldame's bidding, and every young minx's maggot! I have been marched from Temple-Bar to Whitechapel, on the matter of a pin-maker's wife having pricked her finger—marry, her husband that made the weapon might have salved the wound.—And here is this fantastic ape, pretty Mistress Marget forsooth—such a beauty as I could make of a Dutch doll, and as fantastic, and humorous, and conceited, as if she were a duchess. I have seen her in the same day

as changeful as a marmozet, and as stubborn as a mule. I should like to know whether her little conceited noddle, or her father's old crazy, calculating jolter-pate, breeds most whimsics. But then there's that two hundred pounds a-year in dirty land, and the father is held a close chuff, though a fanciful—he is our landlord beside, and she has begged a late day from him for our rent; so God help me, I must be conformable—besides, the little capricious devil is my only key to get at Master George Heriot's secret, and it concerns my character to find that out; and so, *andiamos*, as the lingua franca hath it."

Thus pondering, she moved forward with hasty strides until she arrived at the watch-maker's habitation. The attendant admitted them by means of a pass-key. Onward glided Dame Ursula, now in glimmer and now in gloom, not like the lovely Lady Cristabelle through Gothic sculpture and ancient armour, but creeping and stumbling amongst relics of old machines, and models of new inventions in various branches of mechanics, with which wrecks of useless ingenuity, either in a broken or half-finished shape, the

apartment of the fanciful though ingenious mechanist was continually lumbered.

At length they attained, by a very narrow stair-case, pretty Mistress Margaret's apartment, where she, the cynosure of the eyes of every bold young bachelor in Fleet-street, sate in a posture which hovered between the discontented and the disconsolate. For her pretty back and shoulders were rounded into a curve, her round and dimpled chin reposed in the hollow of her little palm, while the fingers were folded over her mouth; her elbow rested on a table, and her eyes seemed fixed upon the dying charcoal, which was expiring in a small grate. She scarce turned her head when Dame Ursula entered, and when the presence of that estimable matron was more precisely announced in words by the old Scotch-woman, Mistress Margaret, without changing her posture, muttered some sort of answer that was wholly unintelligible.

" Go your ways down to the kitchen with Wilia, good Mistress Jenny," said Dame Ursula, who was used to all sorts of freaks on the part of her patients or clients, whichever they might be

termed; "put the stew-pan and the porringer by the fire-side, and go down below—I must speak to my pretty love, Mistress Margaret, by myself—and there is not a bachelor betwixt this and Bow but will envy me the privilege."

The attendants retired as directed, and Dame Ursula, having availed herself of the embers of charcoal, to place her stew-pan to the best advantage, drew herself as close as she could to her patient, and began in a low, soothing, and confidential tone of voice, to inquire what ailed her pretty flower of neighbours.

"Nothing, dame," said Margaret, somewhat pettishly, and changing her posture so as rather to turn her back upon the kind inquirer.

"Nothing, lady-bird!" answered Dame Suddlechop; "and do you use to send for your friends out of bed at this hour for nothing?"

"It was not I who sent for you, dame," replied the malcontent maiden.

"And who was it, then?" said Ursula; "for if I had not been sent for, I had not been here at this time of night, I promise you!"

"It was the old Scotch fool Jenny, who did

it out of her own head, I suppose," said Margaret; "for she has been stunning me these two hours about you and Mother Redcap."

"Me and Mother Redcap!" said Dame Ursula, "an old fool indeed, that couples folk up so.—But come, come, my sweet little neighbour, Jenny is no such fool after all; she knows young folks want more and better advice than her own, and she knows too where to find it for them; so you must take heart of grace, my pretty maiden, and tell me what you are moping about, and then let Dame Ursula alone for finding out a cure."

"Nay, an ye be so wise, Mother Ursula," replied the girl, "you may guess what I ail without my telling you."

"Ay, ay, child," answered the complaisant matron, "no one can play better than I at the good old game of What is my thought like? Now I'll warrant that little head of yours is running on a new head-tire, a foot higher than those our city dames wear—or you are all for a trip to Islington or Ware, and your father is cross and will not consent—or——"

"Or you are an old fool, Dame Suddlechop," said Margaret, peevishly, "and must needs trouble yourself about matters you know nothing of."

"Fool as much as you will, mistress," said Dame Ursula, offended in her turn, "but not very many years older than yourself, mistress."

"Oh we are angry, are we?" said the beauty; "and pray, Madam Ursula, how come you, that are not so many years older than me, to talk about such nonsense to me, who am so many years younger, and who yet have too much sense to care about head-gears and Islington?"

"Well, well, young mistress," said the sage counsellor, rising, "I perceive I can be of no use here; and methinks, since you know your own matters so much better than other people do, you might dispense with disturbing folks at midnight to ask their advice."

"Why, now you are angry, mother," said Margaret, detaining her; "this comes of your coming out at even-tide without eating your supper—I never heard you utter a cross word after you had finished your little morsel.—Here Ja-

net, a trencher and salt for Dame Ursula;—and what have you in that porringer, dame?—Filthy clammy ale, as I would live—Let Janet fling it out of the window, or keep it for my father's morning draught; and she shall bring you the pottle of sack that was set ready for him—good man, he will never find out the difference, for ale will wash down his dusty calculations quite as well as wine."

"Truly, sweetheart, I am of your opinion," said Dame Ursula, whose temporary displeasure vanished at once before these preparations for good cheer; and so, settling herself on the great easy-chair, with a three-legged table before her, she began to dispatch, with good appetite, the little delicate dish which she had prepared for herself. She did not, however, fail in the duties of civility, and earnestly, but in vain, pressed Mistress Margaret to partake her dainties. The damsel declined the invitation.

"At least pledge me in a glass of sack," said Dame Ursula; "I have heard my grandame say, that before the gospellers came in, the old Ca-

tholic father confessors and their penitents always had a cup of sack together before confession ; and you are my penitent."

" I shall drink no sack, I am sure," said Margaret ; " and I told you before, that if you cannot find out what ails me, I shall never have the heart to tell it."

So saying, she turned away from Dame Ursula once more, and resumed her musing posture, with her hand on her elbow, and her back, at least one shoulder, turned towards her confidante.

" Nay then," said Dame Ursula, " I must exert my skill in good earnest.—You must give me this pretty hand, and I will tell you by palmistry, as well as any gipsey of them all, what foot it is you halt upon."

" As if I halted on any foot at all," said Margaret, something scornfully, but yielding her left hand to Ursula, and continuing at the same time her averted position.

" I see brave lines here," said Ursula, " and not ill to read neither—pleasure and wealth, and merry nights and late mornings to my Beauty,

and such an equipage as shall shake Whitehall. O, have I touched you there?—and smile you now, my pretty one?—for why should not he be Lord Mayor, and go to court in his gilded caroch, as others have done before him?"

"Lord Mayor? pshaw!" replied Margaret.

"And why pshaw at my Lord Mayor, sweetheart? or perhaps you pshaw at my prophecy; but there is a cross in every one's line of life as well as in yours, darling. And what though I see a 'prentice's flat cap in this pretty palm, yet there is a sparkling black eye under it, hath not its match in the Ward of Farringdon-Without."

"Whom do you mean, dame?" said Margaret, coldly.

"Whom should I mean," said Dame Ursula, "but the prince of 'prentices, and king of good company, Jenkin Vincent?"

"Out, woman—Jenkin Vincent—a clown—a cockney!" exclaimed the indignant damsel.

"Ay, sets the wind in that quarter, Beauty!" quoth the dame; "why, it has changed something since we spoke together last, for then I

would have sworn it blew fairer for poor Jin Vin; and the poor lad doats on you too, and would rather see your eyes than the first glimpse of the sun on the great holiday on May-day."

"I would my eyes had the power of the sun to blind his then," said Margaret, "to teach the drudge his place."

"Nay," said Dame Ursula, "there be some who say that Frank Tunstall is as proper a lad as Jin Vin, and of surety he is third cousin to a knighthood, and come of a good house; and so mayhap you may be for northward ho!"

"Maybe I may"—answered Margaret, "but not with my father's 'prentice—I thank you, Dame Ursula."

"Nay then, the devil may guess your thoughts for me," said Dame Ursula; "this comes of trying to shoe a filly that is eternally wincing and shifting ground!"

"Hear me then," said Margaret, "and mind what I say.—This day I dined abroad——"

"I can tell you where," answered her counsellor,—"with your god-father the rich goldsmith

ly, you see I know something—nay, I could tell you an I would, with whom too."

"Indeed !" said Margaret, turning suddenly round with an accent of strong surprise, and colouring up to the eyes.

"With old Sir Mungo Malagrowther," said the oracular dame,—"he was trimmed in my Benjamin's shop in his way to the city."

"Pshaw ! the frightful old mouldy skeleton !" said the damsel.

"Indeed you say true, my dear," replied the confidante,—"it is a shame to him to be out of Saint Pancras's charnel-house, for I know no other place he is fit for, the foul-mouthed old railer. He said to my husband——"

"Somewhat which signifies nothing to our purpose, I dare say," interrupted Margaret. "I *must* speak then.—There dined with us a nobleman——"

"A nobleman ! the maiden's mad !" said Dame Ursula.

"There dined with us, I say," continued Margaret, without regarding the interruption, "a nobleman—a Scottish nobleman."

"Now Our Lady keep her," said the confidante, "she is quite frantic!—heard ever any one of a watchmaker's daughter falling in love with a nobleman—and a Scotch nobleman, to make the matter complete, who are all as proud as Lucifer, and as poor as Job? A Scotch nobleman, quotha? I had as lief you told me of a Jew pedlar. I would have you think how all this is to end, pretty one, before you jump in the dark."

"That is nothing to you, Ursula—it is your assistance," said Mistress Margaret, "and not your advice that I am desirous to have, and you know I can make it worth your while."

"O, it is not for the sake of lucre, Mistress Margaret," answered the obliging dame; "but truly I would have you listen to some advice—bethink you of your own condition."

"My father's calling is mechanical," said Margaret, "but our blood is not so. I have heard my father say that we are descended, at a distance indeed, from the great Earls of Dalwolsey."

"Ay, ay," said Dame Ursula; "even so—I never knew a Scot of you but was descended, as

ye call it, from some great house or other; and a piteous descent it often is—and as for the distance you speak of, it is so great as to put you out of sight of each other.—Yet do not toss your pretty head so scornfully, but tell me the name of this lordly northern gallant, and we will try what can be done in the matter."

"It is Lord Glenvarloch, whom they call Lord Nigel Olifaunt," said Margaret in a low voice, and turning away to hide her blushes.

"Marry, heaven forefend!" exclaimed Dame Suddlechop; "this is the very devil, and something worse!"

"How mean you?" said the damsel, surprised at the vivacity of her exclamation.

"Why, know ye not," said the dame, "what powerful enemies he has at court? know ye not —but blisters on my tongue, it runs too fast for my wit—enough to say, that you had better make your bridal-bed under a falling house, than think of young Glenvarloch."

"He *is* unfortunate then," said Margaret; "I knew it—I divined it—there was sorrow in his voice when he said even what was gay—there was a

touch of misfortune in his melancholy smile—he had not thus clung to my thoughts had I seen him in all the mid-day glare of prosperity."

"Romances have cracked her brain!" said Dame Ursula; "she is a castaway girl—utterly distraught—loves a Scotch lord—and likes him the better for being unfortunate! Well, mistress, I am sorry this is a matter I cannot aid you in—it goes against my conscience, and it is an affair above my condition, and beyond my management;—but I will keep your secret."

"You will not be so base as to desert me, after having drawn my secret from me!" said Margaret indignantly; "if you do, I know how to have my revenge; and if you do not, I will reward you well. Remember the house your husband dwells in is my father's property."

"I remember it but too well, Mistress Margaret," said Ursula, after a moment's reflection, "and I would serve you in any thing in my condition; but to meddle with such high matters—I shall never forget poor Mistress Turner, my honoured patroness, peace be with her!—she had the ill luck to meddle in the matter of Somerset

and Overbury, and so the great earl and his lady slipt their necks out of the collar, and left her and some half dozen others to suffer in their stead. I shall never forget the sight of her standing on the scaffold with the ruff round her pretty neck, all done up with the yellow starch which I had so often helped her to make, and that was so soon to give place to a rough hempen cord. Such a sight, sweetheart, will make one loth to meddle with matters that are too hot or heavy for your handling."

"Out, you fool!" answered Mistress Margaret; "am I one to speak to you about such criminal practices as that wretch died for? All I desire of you, is to get me precise knowledge of what affair brings this young nobleman to Court."

"And when you have his secret," said Ursula, "what will it avail you, sweetheart?—and yet I would do your errand, if you could do as much for me."

"And what is it you would have of me?" said Mistress Margaret.

"What you have been angry with me for asking before," answered Dame Ursula. "I

want to have some light about the story of your god-father's ghost, that is only seen at prayers."

"Not for the world," said Mistress Margaret, "will I be a spy on my kind god-father's secrets —No, Ursula—that I will never pry into, which he desires to keep hidden. But thou knowest that I have a fortune of my own, which must at no distant day come under my own management—think of some other recompence."

"Ay, that I well know," said the counsellor —"it is that two hundred per year, with your father's indulgence, that makes you so wilful, sweetheart."

"It may be so,"—said Margaret Ramsay; "meanwhile, do you serve me truly, and here is a ring of value in pledge, that when my fortune is in my own hand, I will redeem the token with fifty broad pieces of gold."

"Fifty broad pieces of gold!" repeated the dame; "and this ring, which is a right fair one, in token you fail not of your word!—Well, sweetheart, if I must put my throat in peril, I am sure I cannot risk it for a friend more generous than you; and I would not think of more

than the pleasure of serving you, only Benjamin gets more idle every day, and our family——"

"Say no more of it," said Margaret; "we understand each other. And now, tell me what you know of this young man's affairs, which made you so unwilling to meddle with them?"

"Of that I can say no great matter, as yet," answered Dame Ursula; "only I know the most powerful among his own countrymen are against him, and also the most powerful at the court here. But I will learn more of it, for it will be a dim print that I will not read for your sake, pretty Mistress Margaret. Know you where this gallant dwells?"

"I heard by accident," said Margaret, as if ashamed of the minute particularity of her memory upon such an occasion,—"he lodges, I think —at one Christie's—if I mistake not—at Paul's Wharf, a ship-chandler's."

"A proper lodging for a young baron!—Well, but cheer you up, Mistress Margaret—if he has come up a caterpillar, like some of his countrymen, he may cast his slough like them, and

come out a butterfly. So I drink good-night, and sweet dreams to you, in another parting cup of sack; and you shall hear tidings of me within four-and-twenty hours. And once more, I commend you to your pillow, my pearl of pearls, and Marguerite of Marguerites."

So saying, she kissed the reluctant cheek of her young friend, or patroness, and took her departure with the light and stealthy pace of one accustomed to accommodate her footsteps to the purposes of dispatch and secrecy. Margaret Ramsay looked after her for some time, in anxious silence. "I did ill," she at length murmured, "to let her wring this out of me; but she is artful, bold, and serviceable—and I think faithful—or if not, she will be true at least to her interest, and that I can command. I would I had not spoken, however—I have begun a hopeless work. For what has he said to me, to warrant my meddling in his fortunes?—Nothing but words of the most ordinary import—mere table-talk and terms of course. Yet who knows—" she said, and then broke off, looking at the glass

the while, which, as it reflected back a face of great beauty, probably suggested to her mind a more favourable conclusion of the sentence than she cared to trust her tongue withal.

CHAPTER IX.

So pitiful a thing is suitor's state!
Most miserable man, whom wicked fate
Hath brought to Court to sue, for *Had I wist*,
That few have found, and many a one hath miss'd!
Full little knowest thou, that hast not tried,
What hell it is, in sueing long to bide:
To lose good days, that might be better spent;
To waste long nights in pensive discontent;
To speed to-day, to be put back to-morrow;
To feed on hope, to pine with fear and sorrow;
To have thy Prince's grace, yet want her Peers',
To have thy asking, yet wait many years;
To fret thy soul with crosses and with cares—
To eat thy heart through comfortless despairs.
To fawn, to crouch, to wait, to ride, to run,
To spend, to give, to want, to be undone.

Mother Hubberd's Tale.

On the morning of the day on which George Heriot had prepared to escort the young Lord of Glenvarloch to the court at Whitehall, it may be reasonably supposed that the young man, whose fortunes were likely to depend on this cast, felt himself more than usually anxious. He rose early, made his toilette with unusual care, and,

being enabled, by the generosity of his more plebeian countryman, to set out a very handsome person to the best advantage, he obtained a momentary approbation from himself as he glanced at the mirror, and a loud and distinct plaudit from his landlady, who declared at once that in her judgment, he would take the wind out of the sail of every gallant in the presence; so much had she been able to enrich her discourse with the metaphors of those with whom her husband dealt.

At the appointed hour, the barge of Master George Heriot arrived, handsomely manned and appointed, having a tilt, with his own cypher, and the arms of his company painted thereupon.

The young Lord of Glenvarloch received the friend who had evinced such disinterested attachment, with the kind courtesy which well became him.

Master Heriot then made him acquainted with the bounty of his Sovereign, which he paid over to his young friend, declining what he had himself formerly advanced to him. Nigel felt all the gratitude which the citizen's disinterested friendship had deserved, and was not wanting in expressing it suitably.

Yet as the young and high-born nobleman embarked to go to the presence of his Prince, under the patronage of one whose best, or most distinguished qualification, was his being an eminent member of the Goldsmith's Incorporation, he felt a little surprised, if not abashed, at his own situation; and Richie Moniplies, as he stepped over the gang-way to take his place forward in the boat, could not help muttering,—"It was a changed day betwixt Master Heriot and his honest father in the Kræmes;—but, doubtless, there was a difference between clinking on gold and silver, and clattering upon pewter."

On they glided, by the assistance of the oars of four stout watermen, along the Thames, which then served for the principal high-road betwixt London and Westminster; for few ventured on horseback through the narrow and crowded streets of the city, and coaches were then a luxury reserved only for the higher nobility, and to which no citizen, whatever was his wealth, presumed to aspire. The beauty of the banks, especially on the northern side, where the gardens of the nobility descended from their hotels, in many places, down to the water's edge, was pointed out to

Nigel by his kind conductor, and was pointed out in vain. The mind of the young Lord of Glenvarloch was filled with anticipations not the most pleasant, concerning the manner in which he was likely to be received by that monarch, in whose behalf his family had been nearly reduced to ruin; and he was, with the usual mental anxiety of those in such a situation, framing imaginary questions from the King, and over-toiling his spirit in devising answers to them. His conductor saw the labour of Nigel's mind, and avoided increasing it by farther conversation; so that when he had explained to him briefly the ceremonies observed at court on such occasions of presentation, the rest of their voyage was performed in silence.

They landed at Whitehall-Stairs, and entered the Palace after announcing their names, the guards paying to Lord Glenvarloch the respect and honours due to his rank. The young man's heart beat high and thick within him as he came within the royal apartments. His education abroad, conducted as it had been on a nar-

row and limited scale, had given him but imperfect ideas of the grandeur of a court; and the philosophical reflections which taught him to set ceremonial and exterior splendour at defiance, proved, like other maxims of mere philosophy, ineffectual at the moment they were weighed against the impression naturally made on the mind of an inexperienced youth, by the unusual magnificence of the scene. The splendid apartments through which they passed, the rich apparel of the grooms, guards, and domestics in waiting, and the unusual ceremonial attending their passage through the long suite of apartments, had something in it, trifling and commonplace as it might appear to practised courtiers, embarrassing, and even alarming, to one, who, for the first time, went through these forms, and who was doubtful what sort of reception was to accompany his first appearance before his Sovereign.

Heriot, in anxious attention to save his young friend from the least momentary embarrassment, had taken care to give the necessary pass-word

to the warders, grooms of the chambers, ushers, or by whatever name they were designated; so they went onward without interruption.

In this manner they passed several anti-rooms, filled chiefly with guards, attendants of the court, and their acquaintances, male and female, who, dressed in their best apparel, and with eyes rounded by eager curiosity to make the most of their opportunity, stood, with beseeming modesty, ranked against the wall, in a manner which indicated that they were spectators, not performers, in the courtly exhibition.

Through these exterior apartments Lord Glenvarloch and his city friend went onward into a large and splendid withdrawing-room, communicating with the presence-chamber, into which anti-room were admitted those only, who, from birth, their posts in the state or household, or by the particular grant of the King, had right to attend the court, as men entitled to pay their respects to their Sovereign.

Amid this favoured and selected company, Nigel observed Sir Mungo Malagrowther, who, shaken off and discountenanced by those who knew how low he stood in court interest and fa-

vour, was but too happy in the opportunity of hooking himself upon a person of Lord Glenvarloch's rank, who was, as yet, so inexperienced as to feel it difficult to shake off an intruder.

The knight forthwith framed his grim features to a ghastly smile, and after a preliminary and patronizing nod to George Heriot, accompanied with an aristocratic wave of the hand, which intimated at once superiority and protection, he laid aside altogether the honest citizen, to whom he owed many a dinner, to attach himself exclusively to the young lord, although he suspected he might be occasionally in the predicament of needing one as much as himself. And even the notice of this original, singular and unamiable as he was, was not entirely indifferent to the Lord Glenvarloch, since the absolute and somewhat constrained silence of his good friend Heriot, which left him at liberty to retire painfully to his own agitating reflections, was now relieved; while, on the other hand, he could not help feeling interest in the sharp and sarcastic information poured upon him by an observant, though discontented courtier, to whom a patient auditor, and he a man of title and rank, was as much a prize, as his acute

and communicative disposition rendered him an entertaining companion to Nigel Olifaunt. Heriot, in the mean time, neglected by Sir Mungo, and avoiding every attempt by which the grateful politeness of Lord Glenvarloch strove to bring him into the conversation, stood by, with a kind of half smile on his countenance; but whether excited by Sir Mungo's wit, or arising at his expence, did not exactly appear.

In the mean time, the trio occupied a nook of the anti-room, next to the door of the presence-chamber, which was not yet thrown open, when Maxwell, with his rod of office, came bustling into the apartment, where most men, excepting those of high rank, made way for him. He stopped beside the party in which we are interested, looked for a moment at the young Scotch nobleman, then made a slight obeisance to Heriot, and, lastly, addressing Sir Mungo Malagrowther, began a hurried complaint to him of the misbehaviour of the gentlemen pensioners and warders, who suffered all sort of citizens, suitors, and scriveners, to sneak into the outer apartments, without either respect or decency. "The

English," he said, "were scandalized, for such a thing durst not be attempted in the Queen's days. In her time there was then the court-yard for the mobility, and the apartments for the nobility; and it reflects on your place, Sir Mungo," he added, "belonging to the household as you do, that such things should not be better ordered."

Here Sir Mungo, afflicted, as was frequently the case on such occasions, with one of his usual fits of deafness, answered, "It was no wonder the mobility used freedoms, when those whom they saw in office were so little better in blood and havings than themselves."

"You are right, sir—quite right," said Maxwell, putting his hand on the tarnished embroidery on the old knight's sleeve,—"when such fellows see men in office dressed in cast-off suits like paltry stage-players, it is no wonder the court is thronged with intruders."

"Were you lauding the taste of my embroidery, Maister Maxwell?" answered the knight, who apparently interpreted the deputy-chamberlain's meaning rather from his action than his words;—"it is of an ancient and liberal pattern,

having been made by your mother's father, auld James Stitchell, a master-fashioner of honest repute, in Merlin's Wynd, whom I made a point to employ, as I am now happy to remember, seeing your father thought fit to intermarry with sic a person's daughter."

Maxwell looked stern, but conscious there was nothing to be got of Sir Mungo in the way of amends, and that prosecuting the quarrel with such an adversary would only render him ridiculous, and make public a mis-alliance of which he had no reason to be proud, he covered his resentment with a sneer; and expressing his regret that Sir Mungo was become too deaf to understand or attend to what was said to him, walked on, and planted himself beside the folding-doors of the presence-chamber, at which he was to perform the duty of deputy-chamberlain, or usher, so soon as they should be opened.

"The door of the presence is about to open," said the goldsmith, in a whisper, to his young friend; "my condition permits me to go no farther with you. Fail not to present yourself boldly, according to your birth, and offer your Sup-

plication, which the King will not refuse to accept, and, as I hope, to consider favourably."

As he spoke, the door of the presence-chamber opened accordingly, and, as is usual on such occasions, the courtiers began to advance towards it, and to enter in a slow, but continuous and uninterrupted stream. As Nigel presented himself in his turn at the entrance, and mentioned his name and title, Maxwell seemed to hesitate. "You are not known to any one," he said; "it is my duty to suffer no one to pass to the presence, my lord, whose face is unknown to me, unless upon the word of a responsible person."

"I came with Master George Heriot," said Nigel, in some embarrassment at this unexpected interruption.

"Master Heriot's name will pass current for much gold and silver, my lord," replied Maxwell, with a civil sneer, "but not for birth and rank. I am compelled by my office to be peremptory. The entrance is impeded—I am much concerned to say it—your lordship must stand back."

"What is the matter?" said an old Scottish

nobleman, who had been speaking with George Heriot, after he had separated from Nigel, and who now came forward, observing the altercation betwixt the latter and Maxwell.

"It is only Master Deputy-Chamberlain Maxwell," said Sir Mungo Malagrowther, "expressing his joy to see Lord Glenvarloch at court, whose father gave him his office—at least I think he is speaking to that purport—for your lordship kens my imperfection." A subdued laugh, such as the situation permitted, passed round amongst those who heard this specimen of Sir Mungo's sarcastic temper. But the old nobleman stepped still more forward, saying,—"What!—the son of my gallant old opponent, Ochtred Olifaunt? —I will introduce him to the presence myself."

So saying, he took Nigel by the arm, without farther ceremony, and was about to lead him forward, when Maxwell, still keeping his rod across the door, said, but with hesitation and embarrassment,—"My lord, this gentleman is not known, and I have orders to be scrupulous."

"Tutti-taiti, man," said the old lord, "I will be answerable he is his father's son, from the cut

of his eye-brow—and thou, Maxwell, knew his father well enough to have spared thy scruples. Let us pass, man." So saying, he put aside the deputy-chamberlain's rod, and entered the presence-room, still holding the young man by the arm.

"Why, I must know you, man," he said; "I must know you. I knew your father well, man, and I have broke a lance and crossed a blade with him; and it is to my credit that I am living to brag of it. He was king's-man, and I was queen's-man, during the Douglas wars—young fellows both, that feared neither fire nor steel; and we had some old feudal quarrels beside, that had come down from father to son, with our seal-rings, two-handed broad-swords, and plate-coats, and the crests on our burgonets."

"Too loud, my Lord of Huntinglen," whispered a gentleman of the chamber,—"The King! —the King!"

The old Earl (for such he proved,) took the hint, and was silent; and James, advancing from a side-door, received in succession the compliments of strangers, while a little group of favourite courtiers, or officers of the household,

stood around him, to whom he addressed himself from time to time. Some more pains had been bestowed on his toilette than upon the occasion when we first presented the monarch to our readers; but there was a natural awkwardness about his figure which prevented his clothes from sitting handsomely, and the prudence or timidity of his disposition had made him take the custom, already noticed, of wearing a dress so thickly quilted as might withstand the stroke of a dagger, which added an ungainly stiffness to his whole appearance, contrasting oddly with the frivolous, ungraceful, and fidgetting motions with which he accompanied his conversation. And yet, though the King's deportment was very undignified, he had a manner so kind, familiar, and good-humoured, was so little apt to veil over or conceal his own foibles, and had so much indulgence and sympathy for those of others, that his address, joined to his learning, and a certain proportion of shrewd mother-wit, failed not to make a favourable impression on those who approached his person.

When the Earl of Huntinglen had presented

Nigel to his Sovereign, a ceremony which the good peer took upon himself, the King received the young lord very graciously, and observed to his introducer, that he "was fain to see them twa stand side by side; for I trow, my Lord Huntinglen," continued he, "your ancestors, ay, and e'en your lordship's self and this lad's father, have stood front to front at the sword's point, and that is a worse posture."

"Until your Majesty," said Lord Huntinglen, "made Lord Ochtred and me cross palms, upon the memorable day when your Majesty feasted all the nobles that were at feud together, and made them join hands in your presence——"

"I mind it weel," said the King; "I mind it weel—it was a blessed day, being the nineteen of September, of all days in the year—and it was a blithe sport to see how some of the carles girned as they clapped loofs together. By my saul, I thought some of them, mair special the Hieland chiels, wad have broken out in our own presence; but we caused them to march hand in hand to the Cross, ourselves leading the way, and there drink

a blithe cup of kindness with ilk other, to the staunching of feud, and perpetuation of amity. Auld John Anderson was Provost that year—the carle grat for joy, and the Bailies and Councillors danced bare-headed in our presence like five-year-auld colts, for very triumph."

"It was indeed a happy day," said Lord Huntinglen, "and will not be forgotten in the history of your Majesty's reign."

"I would not that it were, my lord," replied the Monarch—"I would not that it were prætermitted in our annals. Ay, ay—*Beati pacifici.* My English lieges here may weel make much of me, for I would have them to know, they have gotten the only peaceable man that ever came of my family. If James with the Fiery Face had come amongst you," he said, looking round him, "or my great grandsire, of Flodden memory!"

"We should have sent him back to the north again," whispered one English nobleman.

"At least," said another, in the same inaudible tone, "we should have had a *man* to our sovereign, though he were but a Scotchman."

"And now, my young springald," said the King to Lord Glenvarloch, "where have you been spending your calf-time?"

"At Leyden, of late, may it please your Majesty," answered Lord Nigel.

"Aha! a scholar," said the King; "and, by my saul, a modest and ingenuous youth, that hath not forgotten how to blush, like most of our travelled Monsieurs. We will treat him conformably."

Then drawing himself up, coughing slightly, and looking around him with the conscious importance of superior learning, while all the courtiers who understood, or understood not Latin, pressed eagerly forward to listen, the sapient monarch prosecuted his inquiries as follows.—

"Hem! hem! *Salve bis, quaterque salve, Glenvarlochides noster! Nuperumne ab Lugduno Batavorum Britanniam rediisti?*"

The young nobleman replied, bowing low—

"*Imo, Rex augustissime—biennium fere apud Lugdunenses moratus sum.*"

James proceeded—

"*Biennium dicis? bene, bene, optume factum est—Non uno die quod dicunt,—intelligisti, Domine Glenvarlochiensis?* Aha!"

Nigel replied by a reverent bow, and the King, turning to those behind him, said—

"*Adolescens quidem ingenui vultus ingenuique pudoris.*" Then resumed his learned queries. "*Et quid hodie Lugdunenses loquuntur—Vossius vester nihil ne novi scripsit?—nihil certe, quod doleo, typis recenter edidit.*"

"*Valet quidem Vossius, Rex benevole,*" replied Nigel, "*ast senex veneratissimus annum agit, ni fallor, septuagesimum.*"

"*Virum, mehercle, vix tam grandævum crediderim,*" replied the monarch. "*Et Vorstius iste?—Arminii improbi successor æque ac sectator—Herosne adhuc, ut cum Homero loquar,* Ζωος εστι και επι χθονι δερκων?"

Nigel, by good fortune, remembered that Vorstius, the divine last mentioned in his Majesty's queries about the state of Dutch literature, had been engaged in a personal controversy with James, in which the King had taken so deep an

interest, as at length to hint in his public correspondence with the United States, that they would do well to apply the secular arm to stop the progress of heresy by violent measures against the Professor's person—a demand which their Mighty Mightiness's principles of universal toleration induced them to elude, though with some difficulty. Knowing all this, Lord Glenvarloch, though a courtier of five minutes standing, had address enough to reply—

"*Vivum quidem, haud diu est, hominem videbam—vigere autem quis dicat qui sub fulminibus eloquentiæ tuæ, Rex magne, jamdudum pronus jacet, et prostratus?*"*

This last tribute to his polemical powers completed James's happiness, which the triumph of

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* Lest any lady or gentleman should suspect there is aught of mystery concealed under the sentences printed in Italics, they will be pleased to understand that they contain only a few common-place Latin phrases, relating to the state of letters in Holland, which neither deserve, nor would endure, a literal translation.

exhibiting his erudition had already raised to a considerable height.

He rubbed his hands, snapped his fingers, fidgetted, chuckled, exclaimed—"*Euge! belle! optime!*" and turning to the Bishops of Exeter and Oxford, who stood behind him, he said,—"Ye see, my lords, no bad specimen of our Scottish Latinity, with which language we would all our subjects of England were as well embued as this, and other youths of honourable birth, in our auld kingdom; also, we keep the genuine and Roman pronunciation, like other learned nations on the continent, sae that we can hold communing with any scholar in the universe, who can but speak the Latin tongue; whereas ye, our learned subjects of England, have introduced into your universities, otherwise most learned, a fashion of pronouncing like unto the "nippit foot and clippit foot," of the bride in the fairy tale, whilk manner of speech, (take it not amiss that I be round with you,) can be understood by no nation on earth saving yourselves; whereby Latin, *quoad Anglos*, ceaseth to be *communis lingua*, the ge-

neral dragoman, or interpreter, between all the wise men of the earth."

The Bishop of Exeter bowed, as in acquiescence to the royal censure; but he of Oxford stood upright, as mindful over what subjects his see extended, and as being equally willing to become food for faggots in defence of the Latinity of the university, as for any article of his religious creed.

The King, without awaiting an answer from either prelate, proceeded to question Lord Nigel, but in the vernacular tongue,—" Weel, my likely Alumnus of the Muses, and what make you so far from the north?"

" To pay my homage to your Majesty," said the young nobleman, kneeling on one knee, " and to lay before you," he added, " this my humble and dutiful Supplication."

The presenting of a pistol would certainly have startled King James more, but could (setting apart the fright) hardly have been more unpleasing to his indolent disposition.

" And is it even so, man?" said he; " and can no single man, were it but for the rarity of the

case, ever come up frae Scotland, excepting *ex proposito*—on set purpose, to see what he can make out of his loving Sovereign? It is but three days syne that we had weel nigh lost our life, and put three kingdoms into dule-weeds, from the over-haste of a clumsy-handed peasant, to thrust a packet into our hand, and now we are beset by the like impediment in our very court. To our Secretary with that gear, my lord —to our Secretary with that gear."

"I have already offered my humble Supplication to your Majesty's Secretary of State," said Lord Glenvarloch—"but it seems——"

"That he would not receive it, I warrant?" said the King, interrupting him; "by my saul, our Secretary kens that point of king-craft, called refusing, better than we do, and will look at nothing but what he likes himsell—I think I wad make a better Secretary to him than he to me.—Weel, my lord, you are welcome to London; and, as ye seem an acute and learned youth, I advise ye to turn your neb northward as soon as ye like, and settle yoursell for a while at Saint Andrews, and we will be right glad to hear that you prosper in your studies.—*Incumbite remis fortiter.*"

While the King spoke thus, he held the petition of the young lord carelessly, like one who only delayed till the supplicant's back was turned, to throw it away, or at least lay it aside to be no more looked at. The petitioner, who read this in his cold and indifferent looks, and in the manner in which he twisted and crumpled together the paper, arose with a bitter sense of anger and disappointment, made a profound obeisance, and was about to retire hastily. But Lord Huntinglen, who stood by him, checked his intention by an almost imperceptible touch upon the skirt of his cloak, and Nigel, taking the hint, retreated only a few steps from the royal presence, and then made a pause. In the meantime, Lord Huntinglen kneeled before James in his turn, and said—"May it please your Majesty to remember, that upon one certain occasion you did promise to grant me a boon every year of your sacred life."

"I mind it weel, man," answered James, "I mind it weel, and good reason why—it was when you unclasped the fause traitor Ruthven's fangs from about our royal throat, and drove your dirk into him like a true subject. We did

then, as you remind us, (whilk was unnecessary,) being partly beside ourselves with joy at our liberation, promise we would grant you a free boon every year; whilk promise, on our coming to mensefull possession of our royal faculties, we did confirm, *restrictivé* always and *conditionaliter*, that your lordship's demand should be such as we, in our royal discretion, should think reasonable."

"Even so, gracious Sovereign," said the old Earl, "and may I yet farther crave to know, if I have ever exceeded the bounds of your royal benevolence?"

"By my word, man, no!" said the King; "I cannot remember you have asked much for yourself, if it be not a dog, or a hawk, or a buck out of our park at Theobald's, or such like. But to what serves this preface?"

"To the boon which I am now to ask of your grace," said Lord Huntinglen; "which is, that your Majesty would be pleased, on the instant, to look at the placet of Lord Glenvarloch, and do upon it what your own just and royal nature shall think meet and just, without reference to your Secretary or any other of your Council."

"By my saul, my lord, this is strange," said the King; "ye are pleading for the son of your enemy!"

"Of one who *was* my enemy till your Majesty made him my friend," answered Lord Huntinglen.

"Weel spoken, my lord!" said the King; "and with a true Christian spirit. And, respecting the Supplication of this young man, I partly guess where the matter lies; and in plain troth I had promised to George Heriot to be good to the lad—But then, here the shoe pinches. Steenie and Baby Charles cannot abide him—neither can your own son, my lord; and so methinks he had better go down to Scotland before he comes to ill luck by them"

"My son, an it please your Majesty, so far as he is concerned, shall not direct my doings," said the Earl, "nor any wild-headed young man of them all."

"Why, neither shall they mine," replied the Monarch; "by my father's saul, none of them all shall play Rex with me—I will do what I will, and what I ought, like a free king."

"Your Majesty will then grant me my boon?" said the Lord Huntinglen.

"Ay, marry will I—marry will I," said the King; "but follow me this way, man, where we may be more private."

He led Lord Huntinglen with rather a hurried step through the courtiers, all of whom gazed earnestly on this unwonted scene, as is the fashion of all courts on similar occasions. The King passed into a little cabinet, and bade, in the first moment, Lord Huntinglen lock or bar the door; but countermanded his direction in the next, saying,—"No, no, no—bread o' life, man, I am a free King—will do what I will and what I should—I am *justus et tenax propositi*, man—nevertheless, keep by the door, Lord Huntinglen, in case Steenie should come in with his mad humour."

"O my poor master," groaned the Earl of Huntinglen. "When you were in your own cold country, you had warmer blood in your veins."

The King hastily glanced over the petition or memorial, every now and then glancing his eye towards the door, and then sinking it hastily on the paper, ashamed that Lord Huntinglen, whom he respected, should suspect him of timidity.

"To grant the truth," he said, after he had finished his hasty perusal, "this is a hard case; and harder than it was represented to me, though I had some inkling of it before. And so the lad only wants payment of the siller due from us, in order to reclaim his paternal estate? But then, Huntinglen, the lad will have other debts—and for what burthen himsell with sae mony acres of barren woodland? let the land gang, man, let the land gang; Steenie has the promise of it from our Scottish Chancellor—it is the best hunting ground in Scotland—and Baby Charles and Steenie want to kill a buck there this next year—they maun hae the land—they maun hae the land; and our debt shall be paid to the young man plack and bawbee, and he may have the spending of it at our court; or if he has such an eard hunger, wouns! man, we'll stuff his stomach with English land, which is worth twice as much, ay, ten times as much, as these accursed hills and heughs, and mosses and muirs, that he is sae keen after."

All this while the poor King ambled up and down the apartment in a piteous state of uncertainty, which was made more ridiculous by his

shambling circular mode of managing his legs, and his ungainly fashion of fiddling on such occasions with the bunches of ribbands which fastened the lower part of his dress.

Lord Huntinglen listened with great composure, and answered, " An it please your Majesty, there was an answer yielded by Naboth when Ahab coveted his vineyard—' The Lord forbid that I should give the inheritance of my fathers unto thee.' "

" Ey, my lord—ey, my lord !" ejaculated James, while all the colour mounted both to his cheek and nose ; " I hope ye mean not to teach me divinity ? Ye need not fear, my lord, that I will shun to do justice to every man ; and, since your lordship will give me no help to take up this in a more peaceful manner—whilk, methinks, would be better for the young man, as I said before,—why—since it maun be so—'sdeath, I am a free king, man, and he shall have his money and redeem his land, and make a kirk and a miln of it, an he will." So saying, he hastily wrote an order on the Scottish Exchequer for the sum in question, and then added, " How

they are to pay it I see not; but I warrant he will find money on the order among the goldsmiths, who can find it for every one but me.—And now you see, my Lord of Huntinglen, that I am neither an untrue man, to deny you the boon whilk I became bound for, nor an Ahab, to covet Naboth's vineyard; nor a mere nose-of-wax, to be twisted this way and that, by favourites and councillors at their pleasure. I think you will grant now that I am none of those?"

"You are my own native and noble Prince," said Huntinglen, as he knelt to kiss the royal hand—"just and generous, whenever you listen to the workings of your own heart."

"Ay, ay," said the King, laughing good-naturedly, as he raised his faithful servant from the ground, "that is what ye all say when I do any thing to please ye. There—there, take the sign-manual, and away with you and this young fellow. I wonder Steenie and Baby Charles have not broken in on us before now."

Lord Huntinglen hastened from the cabinet, foreseeing a scene at which he was unwilling to be present, but which sometimes occurred when

James roused himself so far as to exert his own free will, of which he boasted so much, in spite of that of his imperious favourite Steenie, as he called the Duke of Buckingham, from a supposed resemblance betwixt his very handsome countenance, and that with which the Italian artists represented the proto-martyr Stephen. In fact, the haughty favourite, who had the unusual good fortune to stand as high in the opinion of the heir-apparent as of the existing monarch, had considerably diminished his respect towards the latter; and it was apparent, to the more shrewd courtiers, that James endured his domination rather from habit, timidity, and a dread of encountering his stormy passions, than from any heart-felt continuation of regard towards him, whose greatness had been the work of his own hands. To save himself the pain of seeing what was likely to take place on the Duke's return, and to preserve the King from the additional humiliation which the presence of such a witness must have occasioned, the Earl left the cabinet as speedily as possible, having first carefully pocketed the important sign-manual.

No sooner had he entered the presence-room, than he hastily sought Lord Glenvarloch, who had withdrawn into the embrazure of one of the windows, from the general gaze of men who seemed disposed only to afford him the notice which arises from surprise and curiosity, and taking him by the arm, without speaking, led him out of the presence-chamber into the first anti-room. Here they found the worthy goldsmith, who approached them with looks of curiosity, which were checked by the old lord, who said hastily,—"All is well.—Is your barge in waiting?" Heriot answered in the affirmative. "Then," said Lord Huntinglen, "you shall give me a cast in it, as the watermen say, and I, in requital, will give you both your dinner; for we must have some conversation together."

They both followed the Earl without speaking, and were in the second anti-room when the important annunciation of the ushers, and the hasty murmur with which all made ample way as the company repeated to each other,—"The Duke—the Duke!" made them aware of the approach of the omnipotent favourite.

He entered, that unhappy minion of court fa-vour, sumptuously dressed in the picturesque at-tire which will live for ever on the canvas of Van-dyke, and which marks so well the proud age, when aristocracy, though undermined and nod-ding to its fall, still, by external show and pro-fuse expence, endeavoured to assert its paramount superiority over the inferior orders. The hand-some and commanding countenance, stately form, and graceful action and manners of the Duke of Buckingham, made him become that picturesque dress beyond any man of his time. At present, however, his countenance seemed discomposed, his dress a little more disordered than became the place, his step hasty, and his voice imperative.

All marked the angry spot upon his brow, and bore back so suddenly to make way for him, that the Earl of Huntinglen, who affected no extra-ordinary haste on the occasion, with his compa-nions, who could not, if they would, have decent-ly left him, remained as it were by themselves in the middle of the room, and in the very path of the angry favourite. He touched his cap sternly as he looked on Huntinglen, but unbonnetted to

Heriot, and sunk his beaver, with its shadowy plume, as low as the floor, with a profound air of mock respect. In returning his greeting, which he did simply and unaffectedly, the citizen only said,—"Too much courtesy, my lord duke, is often the reverse of kindness."

"I grieve you should think so, Master Heriot," answered the Duke; "I only meant, by my homage, to claim your protection, sir—your patronage. You are become, I understand, a solicitor of suits—a promoter—an undertaker—a fautor of court suitors of merit and quality, who chance to be pennyless. I trust your bags will bear you out in your new boast."

"They will bear me the farther, my lord duke," answered the goldsmith, "that my boast is but small."

"O, you do yourself less than justice, my good Master Heriot," continued the Duke, in the same tone of irony; "you have a marvellous court-faction, to be the son of an Edinburgh tinker. Have the goodness to prefer me to the knowledge of the high-born nobleman who is honoured and advantaged by your patronage."

"That shall be *my* task," said Lord Huntinglen, with emphasis. "My Lord Duke, I desire you to know Nigel Olifaunt, Lord Glenvarloch, representative of one of the most ancient and powerful baronial houses in Scotland.—Lord Glenvarloch, I present you to his Grace the Duke of Buckingham, representative of Sir George Villiers Knight, of Brookesby, in the county of Leicester."

The Duke coloured still more high as he bowed to Lord Glenvarloch scornfully, a courtesy which the other returned haughtily, and with restrained indignation. "We know each other, then," said the Duke, after a moment's pause, and as if he had seen something in the young nobleman which merited more serious notice than the bitter raillery with which he had commenced. "We know each other—and you know me, my lord, for your enemy."

"I thank you for your plainness, my lord duke," replied Nigel; "an open enemy is better than a hollow friend."

"For you, my Lord Huntinglen," said the

Duke, "methinks you have but now overstepped the limits of the indulgence permitted to you, as the father of the Prince's friend, and my own."

"By my faith, my lord duke," replied the Earl, "it is easy for any one to outstep boundaries, of the existence of which he was not aware. It is neither to secure my protection nor approbation, that my son keeps such exalted company."

"O, my lord, we know you, and indulge you," said the Duke; "you are one of those who presume for a life-long upon the merit of one good action."

"In faith, my lord, and if it be so," said the old Earl, "I have at least the advantage of such as presume more than I do, without having done any action of merit whatever. But I mean not to quarrel with you, my lord—we can neither be friends nor enemies—you have your path, and I have mine."

Buckingham only replied by throwing on his bonnet, and shaking its lofty plume with a careless and scornful toss of the head. They parted

thus; the Duke walking onwards through the apartments, and the others leaving the palace and repairing to Whitehall stairs, where they embarked on board the barge of the citizen.

CHAPTER X.

Bid not thy fortune troll upon the wheels
Of yonder dancing cubes of mottled bone;
And drown it not, like Egypt's royal harlot,
Dissolving her rich pearl in the brimm'd wine-cup.
These are the arts, Lothario, which shrink acres
Into brief yards—bring sterling pounds to farthings,
Credit to infamy; and the poor gull
Who might have lived an honour'd, easy life,
To ruin, and an unregarded grave.

The Changes.

When they were fairly embarked on the Thames, the Earl took from his pocket the Supplication, and pointing out to George Heriot the royal warrant indorsed thereon, asked him, if it were in due and regular form? The worthy citizen hastily read it over, thrust forth his hand as if to congratulate the Lord Glenvarloch, then checked himself, pulled out his barnacles, (a present from old David Ramsay,) and again perused the warrant with the most business-like and

critical attention. "It is strictly correct and formal," he said, looking to the Earl of Huntinglen; "and I sincerely rejoice at it."

"I doubt nothing of its formality," said the Earl; "the King understands business well, and if he does not practise it often, it is only because indolence obscures parts which are naturally well qualified for the discharge of affairs. But what is next to be done for our young friend, Master Heriot? You know how I am circumstanced. Scottish lords living at the English court have seldom command of money; yet, unless a sum can be presently raised on this warrant, matters standing as you hastily hinted to me, the mortgage, wadsett, or whatever it is called, will be foreclosed."

"It is true," said Heriot, in some embarrassment; "there is a large sum wanted in redemption—yet, if it is not raised, there will be an expiry of the legal, as our lawyers call it, and the estate will be evicted."

"My noble—my worthy friends, who have taken my cause up so undeservedly, so unexpectedly," said Nigel, "do not let me be a bur-

den on your kindness. You have already done too much where nothing was merited."

"Peace, man, peace," said Lord Huntinglen, "and let old Heriot and I puzzle this scent out. He is about to open—hark to him!"

"My lord," said the citizen, "the Duke of Buckingham sneers at our city money-bags; yet they can sometimes open, to prop a falling and a noble house."

"We know they can," said Lord Huntinglen—"mind not Buckingham, he is a Peg-a-Ramsay—and now for the remedy."

"I partly hinted to Lord Glenvarloch already," said Heriot, "that the redemption-money might be advanced upon such a warrant as the present, and I will engage my credit that it can. But then, in order to secure the lender, he must come in the shoes of the creditor to whom he advances payment."

"Come in his shoes!" replied the Earl; "Why, what have boots or shoes to do with this matter, my good friend?"

"It is a law phrase, my lord. My experience has made me pick up a few of them," said Heriot.

"Ay, and of better things alongst with them, Master George," replied Lord Huntinglen; "but what means it?"

"Simply this," resumed the citizen; "that the lender of this money will transact with the holder of the mortgage, or wadsett, over the estate of Glenvarloch, and obtain from him such a conveyance to his right as shall leave the lands pledged for the debt, in case the warrant upon the Scottish Exchequer should prove unproductive. I fear, in this uncertainty of public credit, that, without some such counter-security, it will be very difficult to find so large a sum."

"Ho la!" said the Earl of Huntinglen, "halt there! a thought strikes me.—What if the new creditor should admire the estate as a hunting-field, as much as my Lord Grace of Buckingham seems to do, and should wish to kill a buck there in the summer season? It seems to me, that on your plan, Master George, our new friend will be as well entitled to block Lord Glenvarloch out of his inheritance as the present holder of the mortgage."

The citizen laughed. "I will engage," he

said, "that the keenest sportsman to whom I may apply on this occasion, shall not have a thought beyond the Lord Mayor's Easter-hunt, in Epping-Forest. But your lordship's caution is reasonable. The creditor must be bound to allow Lord Glenvarloch sufficient time to redeem his estate by means of the royal warrant—they must waive in his favour the right of instant foreclosure, which may be, I should think, the more easily managed, as the right of redemption must be exercised in his own name."

"But where shall we find a person in London fit to draw the necessary writings?" said the Earl. "If my old friend Sir John Skene of Halyards had lived, we should have had his advice; but time presses, and——"

"I know," said Heriot, "an orphan lad, a scrivener, that dwells by Temple-Bar; he can draw deeds both after the English and Scotch fashion, and I have trusted him often in things of weight and of importance. I will send one of my serving-men for him, and the mutual deeds may be executed in your lordship's presence; for as things stand, there should be no delay." His

lordship readily assented; and, as they now landed upon the private stairs leading down to the river from the gardens of the handsome hotel which he inhabited, the messenger was dispatched without loss of time.

Nigel, who had sate almost stupified while these zealous friends volunteered for him in arranging the measures by which his fortune was to be disembarrassed, now made another eager attempt to force upon them his broken expressions of thanks and gratitude. But he was again silenced by Lord Huntinglen, who declared he would hear no word on that topic, and proposed instead, that they should take a turn in the pleached alley, or sit upon the stone bench which overlooked the Thames, until his son's arrival should give the signal for dinner.

"I desire to introduce Dalgarno and Lord Glenvarloch to each other," he said, "as two who will be near neighbours, and I trust will be more kind ones than their fathers were formerly. There is but three Scots miles betwixt the castles, and the turrets of the one are visible from the battlements of the other."

The old Earl was silent for a moment, and appeared to muse upon the recollections which the vicinity of the castles had summoned up.

"Does Lord Dalgarno follow the court to Newmarket next week?" said Heriot, by way of removing the conversation.

"He proposes so, I think," answered Lord Huntinglen, relapsed into his reverie for a minute or two, and then addressed Nigel somewhat abruptly—

"My young friend, when you attain possession of your inheritance, as I trust you soon will, I trust you will not add one to the idle followers of the court, but reside on your patrimonial estate, cherish your ancient tenants, relieve and assist your poor kinsmen, protect the poor against subaltern oppression, and do what our fathers used to do, with fewer lights and with less means than we have."

"And yet the advice to keep the country," said Heriot, "comes from an ancient and constant ornament of the court."

"From an old courtier indeed," said the Earl, "and the first of my family that could so write

himself—my grey beard falls on a cambric ruff, and a silken doublet—my father's descended upon a buff coat and a breast-plate. I would not that these days of battle returned; but I should love well to make the oaks of my old forest of Dalgarno ring once more with halloo, and horn, and hound, and to have the old stone-arched hall return the hearty shout of my vassals and tenants, as the bicker and the quaigh walked their rounds amongst them. I should like to see the broad Tay once more before I die—not even the Thames can match it, in my mind."

"Surely, my lord," said the citizen, "all this might be easily done—it costs but a moment's resolution, and the journey of some brief days, and you would be where you desire to be—what is there to prevent you?"

"Habits, Master George, habits," replied the Earl, "which to young men are like threads of silk, so lightly are they worn, so soon broken; but which hang on our old limbs as if time had stiffened them into gyves of iron. To go to Scotland for a brief space were but labour in vain; and when I think of abiding there, I cannot bring

myself to leave my old Master, to whom I fancy myself sometimes useful, and whose weal and woe I have shared for so many years. But Dalgarno shall be a Scottish noble."

"Has he visited the North?" said Heriot.

"He was there last year, and made such a report of the country, that the Prince has expressed a longing to see it."

"Lord Dalgarno is in high grace with his Highness, and the Duke of Buckingham?" observed the goldsmith.

"He is so," answered the Earl,—"I pray it may be for the advantage of them all. The Prince is just and equitable in his sentiments, though cold and stately in his manners, and very obstinate in his most trifling purposes; and the Duke, noble and gallant, and generous and open, is fiery, ambitious, and impetuous. Dalgarno has none of these faults, and such as he may have of his own, may perchance be corrected by the society in which he moves.—See, here he comes."

Lord Dalgarno accordingly advanced from the farther end of the alley to the bench on which his father and his guests were seated, so that Nigel

had full leisure to peruse his countenance and figure. He was dressed point-device, and almost to extremity, in the splendid fashion of the time, which suited well with his age, probably about five-and-twenty, with a noble form and fine countenance, in which last could easily be traced the manly features of his father, but softened by a more habitual air of assiduous courtesy than the stout old Earl had ever condescended to assume towards the world in general. In other respects, his address was gallant, free, and unencumbered either by pride or ceremony—far remote certainly from the charge either of haughty coldness or forward impetuosity ; and so far his father had justly freed him from the marked faults which he ascribed to the manners of the Prince and his favourite Buckingham.

While the old Earl presented his young acquaintance Lord Glenvarloch to his son, as one whom he would have him love and honour, Nigel marked the countenance of Lord Dalgarno closely, to see if he could detect aught of that secret dislike which the King had, in one of his broken expostulations, seemed to intimate, as ari-

sing from a clashing of interests betwixt his new friend and the great Buckingham. But nothing of this was visible; on the contrary, Lord Dalgarno received his new acquaintance with the open frankness and courtesy which makes conquest at once, when addressed to the feelings of an ingenious young man.

It need hardly be told that his open and friendly address met equally ready and cheerful acceptation from Nigel Olifaunt. For many months, and while a youth not much above two-and-twenty, he had been restrained by circumstances from the conversation of his contemporaries. When, on his father's sudden death, he left the Low Countries for Scotland, he had found himself involved, apparently inextricably, with the details of the law, all of which threatened to end in the alienation of the patrimony which should support his hereditary rank. His term of sincere mourning, joined to injured pride and the swelling of the heart under unexpected and undeserved misfortune, together with the uncertainty attending the issue of his affairs, had induced the young Lord Glenvarloch to lead, while in Scotland, a very private and

reserved course of life. How he had passed his time in London, the reader is acquainted with. But this melancholy and secluded course of life was neither agreeable to his age nor to his temper, which was genial and sociable. He hailed, therefore, with sincere pleasure, the approaches which a young man of his own age and rank made towards him; and when he had exchanged with Lord Dalgarno some of those words and signals by which, as surely as by those of free-masonry, young people recognize a mutual wish to be agreeable to each other, it seemed as if the two noblemen had been acquainted for some time.

Just as this tacit intercourse had been established, one of Lord Huntinglen's attendants came down the alley, marshalling onwards a man dressed in black buckram, who followed him with considerable speed, considering that, according to his sense of reverence and propriety, he kept his body bent and parallel to the horizon from the moment that he came in sight of the company to which he was about to be presented.

"Who is this, you cuckoldy knave," said the old lord, who had retained the keen appetite and

impatience of a Scotish Baron even during a long alienation from his native country; "and why does John Cook, with a murrain to him, keep back dinner?"

"I believe we are ourselves responsible for this person's intrusion," said George Heriot; "this is the scrivener whom we desired to see.—Look up, man, and see us in the face as an honest man should, instead of bearing thy noddle charged against us thus like a battering-ram."

The scrivener did look up accordingly, with the action of an automaton which suddenly obeys the impulse of a pressed spring. But, strange to tell, not even the haste he had made to attend his patron's mandation, a business, as Master Heriot's message expressed, of weight and importance—nay, not even the state of depression in which, out of sheer humility doubtless, he had his head stooped to the earth from the moment he had trode the demesnes of the Earl of Huntinglen, had called any colour into his countenance. The drops stood on his brow from haste and toil, but his cheek was still pale and tallow-coloured as before; nay, what seemed stranger, his very hair,

when he raised his head, hung down on either cheek as straight and sleek and undisturbed as it was when we first introduced him to our readers, seated at his quiet and humble desk.

Lord Dalgarno could not forbear a stifled laugh at the ridiculous and puritanical figure which presented itself like a starved anatomy to the company, and whispered at the same time into Lord Glenvarloch's ear—

> "The devil damn thee black, thou cream-faced loun,
> Where got'st thou that goose look?"

Nigel was too little acquainted with the English stage, to understand a quotation which had already grown matter of common allusion in London. Lord Dalgarno saw that he was not understood, and continued, "That fellow, by his visage, should either be a saint, or a most hypocritical rogue—and such is my excellent opinion of human nature, that I always suspect the worst. But they seem deep in business Will you make a turn with me in the garden, my lord, or will you remain a member of the serious conclave?"

"With you, my lord, most willingly," said Nigel; and they were turning away accordingly, when George Heriot, with the formality belonging to his station, observed, that, "as their business concerned Lord Glenvarloch, he had better remain, to make himself master of it, and witness to it."

"My presence is utterly needless, my good lord;—and, my best friend, Master Heriot," said the young nobleman, "I shall understand nothing the better for cumbering you with my ignorance in these matters; and can only say at the end, as I now say at the beginning, that I dare not take the helm out of the hand of the kind pilots who have already guided my course within sight of a fair and unhoped-for haven. Whatever you recommend to me as fitting, I shall sign and seal; and the import of the deeds I will better learn by a brief explanation from Master Heriot, if he will bestow so much trouble in my behalf, than by a thousand learned words and law terms from this person of skill."

"He is right," said Lord Huntinglen; "our

young friend is right, in confiding these matters to you and me, Master George Heriot—he has not misplaced his confidence."

Master George Heriot cast a long look after the two young noblemen, who had now walked down the alley arm in arm, and at length said, "He hath not indeed misplaced his confidence, as your lordship well and truly says—but, nevertheless, he is not in the right path; for it behoves every man to become acquainted with his own affairs, so soon as he hath any that are worth attending to."

When he had made this observation, they applied themselves, with the scrivener, to look into various papers, and to direct in what manner writings should be drawn, which might at once afford sufficient security to those who were to advance the money, and at the same time to preserve the right of the young nobleman to redeem the family estate, provided he should obtain the means of doing so, by the expected reimbursement from the Scottish Exchequer, or otherwise. It is needless to enter into these details. But it is not unimportant to mention, as an illustration of

character, that Heriot entered into the most minute legal details with a precision which shewed that experience had made him master even of the intricacies of Scottish conveyancing; and that the Earl of Huntinglen, though far less acquainted with technical detail, suffered no step of the business to pass over, until he had attained a general but distinct idea of its import and its propriety.

They seemed to be admirably seconded in their benevolent intentions towards the young Lord Glenvarloch, by the skill and eager zeal of the scrivener, whom Heriot had introduced to this piece of business, the most important which Andrew had ever transacted in his life, and the particulars of which were moreover agitated in his presence between an actual earl, and one whose wealth and character might entitle him to be alderman of his ward, if not to be lord mayor, in his turn.

While they were thus in eager conversation on business, the good Earl, even forgetting the calls of his appetite, and the delay of dinner, in his anxiety to see that the scrivener received proper

instructions, and that all was rightly weighed and considered, before dismissing him to engross the necessary deeds, the two young men walked together on the terrace which overhung the river, and talked on the topics which Lord Dalgarno, the eldest, and the most experienced, thought most likely to interest his new friend.

These naturally regarded the pleasures attending a court life; and Lord Dalgarno expressed much surprise at understanding that Nigel proposed an instant return to Scotland.

"You are jesting with me," he said. "All the court rings—it is needless to mince it—with the extraordinary success of your suit—against the highest interest, it is said, now influencing the horizon at Whitehall. Men think of you—talk of you—fix their eyes on you—ask each other, who is this young Scotch lord, who has stepped so far in a single day? They augur, in whispers to each other, how high and how far you may push your fortune—and all that you design to make of it, is to return to Scotland, eat raw oatmeal cakes, baked upon a peat-fire, have your

hand shaken by every loon of a blue-bonnet who chooses to dub you cousin, though your relationship comes by Noah; drink Scots twopenny ale, eat half-starved red-deer venison, when you can kill it, ride upon a galloway, and be called my right honourable and maist worthy lord."

"There is no great gaiety in the prospect before me, I confess," said Lord Glenvarloch, "even if your father and good Master Heriot should succeed in putting my affairs on some footing of plausible hope. And yet I trust to do something for my vassals, as my ancestors before me, and to teach my children, as I have myself been taught, to make some personal sacrifices, if they be necessary, in order to maintain with dignity the situation in which they are placed by Providence."

Lord Dalgarno, after having once or twice stifled his laughter during this speech, at length broke out into a fit of mirth, so hearty and so resistless, that, angry as he was, the call of sympathy swept Nigel along with him, and, despite of himself, he could not forbear to join in a burst

of laughter, which he thought not only causeless, but almost impertinent.

He soon recollected himself, however; and said, in a tone qualified to allay Lord Dalgarno's extreme mirth, "This is all well, my lord; but how am I to understand your merriment?" Lord Dalgarno only answered him with redoubled peals of laughter, and at length held by Lord Glenvarloch's cloak, as if to prevent his falling down on the ground, in the extremity of his convulsion.

At length, while Nigel stood half abashed, half angry, at becoming thus the subject of his new acquaintance's ridicule, and was only restrained from expressing his resentment against the son, by a sense of the obligations he owed the father, Lord Dalgarno recovered himself, and spoke in a half-broken voice, his eyes still running with tears. "I crave your pardon, my dear Lord Glenvarloch—ten thousand times do I crave your pardon. But that last picture of rural dignity, accompanied by your grave and angry surprise at my laughing at what would

have made any court-bred hound laugh, that had but so much as bayed the moon once from the court-yard at Whitehall, totally overcame me. Why, my liefest and dearest lord, you, a young and handsome fellow, with high birth, a title, and the name of an estate, so well received by the King at your first starting, as makes your further progress scarce matter of doubt, if you know how to improve it—for the King has already said you are 'a braw lad, and well studied in the more humane letters'—you, too, whom all the women, and the very marked beauties of the court, desire to see, because you came from Leyden, were born in Scotland, and have gained a hard contested suit in England—you, I say, with a person like a prince, an eye of fire, and a wit as quick, to think of throwing your cards on the table when the game is in your very hand, running back to the frozen north, and marrying—let me see—a tall, stalking, blue-eyed, fair-skinned bonny wench, with eighteen quarters in her scutcheon, a sort of Lot's wife, newly descended from her pedestal, and with her to shut yourself

up in your tapestried chamber! Uh, gad!—Swouns, I shall never survive the idea!"

It is seldom that youth, however high-minded, is able, from mere strength of character and principle, to support itself against the force of ridicule. Half angry, half mortified, and, to say truth, half ashamed of his more manly and better purpose, Nigel was unable, and flattered himself it was unnecessary, to play the part of a rigid moral patriot, in presence of a young man whose current fluency of language, as well as his experience in the highest circles of society, gave him, in spite of Nigel's better and firmer thoughts, a temporary ascendancy over him. He sought, therefore, to compromise the matter, and avoid farther debate, by frankly owning, that if to return to his own country were not his choice, it was at least a matter of necessity. "His affairs," he said, "were unsettled, his income precarious."

"And where is he whose affairs are settled, or whose income is less than precarious, that is to be found in attendance on the court?" said Lord Dalgarno; "all are either losing or winning.

Those who have wealth, come hither to get rid of it, while the happy gallants who, like you and I, dear Glenvarloch, have little or none, have every chance to be sharers in their spoils."

"I have no ambition of that sort," said Nigel, "and if I had, I must tell you plainly, Lord Dalgarno, I have not the means to do so. I can scarce as yet call the suit I wear my own; I owe it, and I do not blush to say so, to the friendship of yonder good man."

"I will not laugh again, if I can help it," said Lord Dalgarno. "But, Lord! that you should have gone to a wealthy goldsmith for your habit —why, I could have brought you to an honest confiding tailor, who should have furnished you with half a dozen, merely for love of the little word, 'lordship,' which you place before your name;—and then your goldsmith, if he be really a friendly goldsmith, should have equipped you with such a purse of fair rose-nobles as would have bought you thrice as many suits, or done better things for you."

"I do not understand these fashions, my

lord," said Nigel, his displeasure mastering his shame; "were I to attend the court of my Sovereign, it should be when I could maintain, without shifting or borrowing, the dress and retinue which my rank requires."

"'Which my rank requires!'" said Lord Dalgarno, repeating his last words; "that, now, is as good as if my father had spoke it. I fancy you would love to move to court like him, followed by a round score of old blue-bottles, with white heads and red noses, with bucklers and broadswords, which their hands, trembling betwixt age and strong waters, can make no use of —as many huge silver badges on their arms, to shew whose fools they are, as would furnish forth a court cupboard of plate—rogues fit for nothing but to fill our anti-chambers with the flavour of onions and genievre—pah!"

"The poor knaves!" said Lord Glenvarloch; "they have served your father, it may be, in the wars. What would become of them were he to turn them off?"

"Why, let them go to the hospital," said Dalgarno, "or to the bridge-end, to sell switches.

The King is a better man than my father, and you see those who have served in *his* wars do so every day; or, when their blue coats were well worn out, they would make rare scare-crows. Here is a fellow, now, comes down the walk; the stoutest raven dared not come within a yard of that copper nose. I tell you, there is more service, as you will soon see, in my valet of the chamber, and such a lither lad as my page Lutin, than there is in a score of these old memorials of the Douglas' wars, where they cut each others throats for the chance of finding twelve pennies Scots on the person of the slain. Marry, my lord, to make amends, they will eat mouldy victuals, and drink stale ale, as if their bellies were puncheons.—But the dinner-bell is going to sound—hark, it is clearing its rusty throat, with a pre liminary jowl. That is another clamorous relique of antiquity, that, were I master, should soon be at the bottom of the Thames. How the foul fiend can it interest the peasants and mechanics in the Strand, to know that the Earl of Huntinglen is sitting down to dinner? But my father looks our way—we must not be late for

the grace, or we shall be in *dis*-grace, if you will forgive a quibble which would have made his Majesty laugh. You will find us all of a piece, and having been accustomed to eat in saucers abroad, I am ashamed you should witness our larded capons, our mountains of beef, and oceans of brewis, as large as Highland hills and lochs; but you shall see better cheer to-morrow. Where lodge you? I will call for you. I must be your guide through the peopled desert, to certain enchanted lands, which you will scarce discover without chart and pilot. Where lodge you?"

"I will meet you in Paul's," said Nigel, a good deal embarrassed, "at any hour you please to name."

"O, you would be private," said the young lord; "nay, fear not me—I will be no intruder. But we have attained this huge larder of flesh, fowl, and fish. I marvel the oaken boards groan not under it."

They had indeed arrived in the dining-parlour of the mansion, where the table was super-

abundantly loaded, and where the number of attendants, to a certain extent, vindicated the sarcasms of the young nobleman. The chaplain, and Sir Mungo Malagrowther, were of the party The latter complimented Lord Glenvarloch upon the impression he had made at court. "One would have thought ye had brought the apple of discord in your pouch, my lord, or that you were the very fire-brand of whilk Althea was delivered, and that she had lain-in in a barrel of gunpowder; for the King, and the Prince, and the Duke, have been by the lugs about ye, and so have many more, that kenned na before this blessed day that there was such a man living on the face of the earth."

. "Mind your victuals, Sir Mungo," said the Earl; "they get cold while you talk."

"Troth, and that needs na, my lord," said the knight; "your lordship's dinners seldom scald one's mouth—the serving-men are turning auld, like oursells, my lord, and it is far between the kitchen and the ha'."

With this little explosion of his spleen, Sir

Mungo remained satisfied until the dishes were removed, when, fixing his eyes on the brave new doublet of Lord Dalgarno, he complimented him on his economy, pretending to recognize it as the same which his father had worn in Edinburgh in the Spanish ambassador's time. Lord Dalgarno, too much a man of the world to be moved by any thing from such a quarter, proceeded to crack his nuts with great deliberation, as he replied, that the doublet was in some sort his father's, as it was likely to cost him fifty pounds some day soon. Sir Mungo forthwith proceeded in his own way to convey this agreeable intelligence to the Earl, observing, that his son was a better maker of bargains than his lordship, for he had bought a doublet as rich as that his lordship wore when the Spanish ambassador was at Holyrood, and it had cost him but fifty pounds Scots; that was no fool's bargain, my lord."

"Pounds sterling, if you please, my lord," answered the Earl, calmly, "and a fool's bargain it is, in all the tenses. Dalgarno *was* a fool when he bought—I *will* be a fool when I pay. And you, Sir Mungo, craving your pardon, *are* a fool

in præsenti, for speaking of what concerns you not."

So saying, the Earl addressed himself to the serious business of the table, and sent the wine around with a profusion which increased the hilarity, but rather threatened the temperance of the company, until their joviality was interrupted by the annunciation, that the scrivener had engrossed such deeds as required to be presently executed. George Heriot rose from the table, observing, that wine-cups and legal documents were unseemly neighbours. The Earl asked the scrivener if they had laid a trencher and set a cup for him in the buttery, and received the respectful answer, that Heaven forbid he should be such an ungracious beast as to eat or drink until his lordship's pleasure was performed.

"Thou shalt eat before thou goest," said Lord Huntinglen, "and I will have thee try, moreover, whether a cup of sack cannot bring some colour into these cheeks of thine. It were a shame to my household, thou should glide out into the Strand after such a spectre-fashion as thou now wearest.—Look to it, Dalgarno, for the honour of our roof is concerned."

Lord Dalgarno gave directions that the man should be attended to. Lord Glenvarloch and the citizen, in the meanwhile, signed and interchanged, and thus closed a transaction, of which the principal party concerned understood little, save that it was under the management of a zealous and faithful friend, who undertook that the money should be forthcoming, and the estate released from forfeiture, by payment of the stipulated sum for which it stood pledged, and that at the term of Lambmas, and at the hour of noon, and beside the tomb of the Regent Earl of Murray, in the High Kirk of Saint Giles, at Edinburgh, being the day and place assigned for such redemption.

When this business was transacted, the old Earl would fain have renewed his carouse; but the citizen, alleging the importance of the deeds he had about him, and the business he had to transact betimes the next morning, not only refused to return to table, but carried with him to his barge Lord Glenvarloch, who might, perhaps, have been otherwise found more tractable.

When they were seated in the boat, and fairly once more afloat in the river, George Heriot

looked back seriously on the mansion they had left. "There live," he said, "the old fashion and the new. The father is like a noble old broad-sword, but harmed with rust, from neglect and inactivity;—the son is your modern rapier, well mounted, fairly gilt, and fashioned to the taste of the time, and it is time must shew if the metal be as good as the show. God grant it prove so, says an old friend to the family."

Nothing of consequence passed betwixt them, until Lord Glenvarloch, landing at Paul's Wharf, took leave of his friend the citizen, and retired to his own apartment, where his attendant, Richie, not a little elevated with the events of the day, and with the hospitality of Lord Huntinglen's house-keeping, gave a most splendid account of them to the buxom dame Nelly, who rejoiced to hear that the sun at length was shining upon what Richie called the right side of the hedge.

CHAPTER XI.

> You are not for the manner nor the times.
> They have their vices now most like to virtues;
> You cannot know them apart by any difference,
> They wear the same clothes, eat the same meat—
> Sleep i'the self-same beds, ride in those coaches,
> Or very like four horses in a coach,
> As the best men and women.
>
> BEN JONSON.

On the next morning, while Nigel, his breakfast finished, was thinking how he should employ the day, there was a little bustle upon the stairs which attracted his attention, and presently entered Dame Nelly, blushing like scarlet, and scarce able to bring out—"A young nobleman, sir—no one less," she added, drawing her hand slightly over her lips, "would be so saucy—a young nobleman, sir, to wait on you!"

And she was followed into the little cabin by Lord Dargarno, gay, easy, disembarrassed, and apparently as much pleased to rejoin his new ac-

quaintance as if he had found him in the apartments of a palace. Nigel, on the contrary, (for youth is slave to such circumstances,) was discountenanced and mortified at being surprised by so splendid a gallant in a chamber, which at the moment the elegant and high-dressed cavalier appeared in it, seemed yet lower, narrower, darker, and meaner to its inhabitant, than it had ever shewn before. He would have made some apology for the situation, but Lord Dalgarno cut him short—

"Not a word of it," he said, "not a single word—I know why you ride at anchor here—but I can keep counsel—so pretty a hostess would recommend worse quarters."

"On my word—on my honour," said Lord Glenvarloch——

"Nay, nay, make no words of the matter," said Lord Dalgarno; "I am no tell-tale, nor shall I cross your walk; there is game enough in the forest, thank heaven, and I can strike a doe for myself."

All this he said in so significant a manner, and the explanation which he had adopted seem-

ed to put Lord Glenvarloch's gallantry on so respectable a footing, that Nigel ceased to try to undeceive him; and less ashamed, perhaps, (for such is human weakness,) of supposed vice than of real poverty, changed the discourse to something else, and left poor Dame Nelly's reputation and his own at the mercy of the young courtier's misconstruction.

He offered refreshments with some hesitation. Lord Dalgarno had long since breakfasted, but had just come from playing a sett of tennis, he said, and would willingly taste a cup of the pretty hostess's single beer. This was easily procured, was drank, was commended, and, as the hostess failed not to bring the cup herself, Lord Dalgarno profited by the opportunity to take a second and more attentive view of her, and then gravely drank to her husband's health, with an almost imperceptible nod to Lord Glenvarloch. Dame Nelly was much honoured, smoothed her apron down with her hands, and said—"Her John was greatly and truly honoured by their lordships—he was a kind, pains-taking man for his family, as was in the alley, or indeed as far north as Paul's Chain."

She would have proceeded probably to state the difference betwixt their ages, as the only alloy to their nuptial happiness; but her lodger, who had no mind to be farther exposed to his gay friend's raillery, gave her, contrary to his wont, a signal to leave the room.

Lord Dalgarno looked after her, then looked at Glenvarloch, shook his head, and repeated the well-known lines—

"My lord, beware of jealousy—
It is the green-eyed monster which doth make
The meat it feeds on."———

"But come," he said, changing his tone, "I know not why I should worry you thus—I who have so many follies of my own, when I should rather make excuse for being here at all, and tell you wherefore I came."

So saying he reached a seat, and placing another for Lord Glenvarloch, in spite of his anxious haste to anticipate this act of courtesy, he proceeded in the same tone of easy familiarity:—

"We are neighbours, my lord, and are just made known to each other. Now, I know enough

of the dear North, to be well aware that Scottish neighbours must be either dear friends or deadly enemies—must either walk hand in hand, or stand sword-point to sword-point; so I chuse the hand in hand, unless you should reject my proffer."

"How were it possible, my lord," said Lord Glenvarloch, "to refuse what is offered so frankly, even if your father had not been a second father to me?"—And as he took Lord Dalgarno's hand, he added—"I have, I think, *lost no time*, since, during one day's attendance at court, I have made a kind friend and a powerful enemy."

"The friend thanks you," replied Lord Dalgarno, "for your just opinion; but, my dear Glenvarloch—or rather, for titles are too formal between us of the better file—what is your Christian name?"

"Nigel," replied Lord Glenvarloch.

"Then we will be Nigel and Malcolm to each other," said his visitor, "and my lord to the plebeian world around us. But I was about to ask you whom you supposed your enemy?"

"No less than the all-powerful favourite, the great Duke of Buckingham."

"You dream! What could possess you with such an opinion?" said Dalgarno.

"He told me so himself," replied Glenvarloch; "and, in so doing, dealt frankly and honourably with me."

"O, you know him not yet," said his companion; "the Duke is moulded of an hundred noble and fiery qualities, that prompt him, like a generous horse, to spring aside in impatience at the least obstacle to his forward course. But he means not what he says in such passing heats—I can do more with him, I thank heaven, than most who are around him; you shall go visit him with me, and you will see how you shall be received."

"I told you, my lord," said Glenvarloch firmly, and with some haughtiness, "the Duke of Buckingham, without the least offence, declared himself my enemy in the face of the court; and he shall retract that aggression as publicly as it was given, ere I will make the slightest advance towards him."

"You would act becomingly in every other case," said Lord Dalgarno, "but here you are wrong. In the court horizon, Buckingham is

Lord of the Ascendant, and as he is adverse or favouring, so sinks or rises the fortune of a suitor. The King would bid you remember your Phædrus,

> Arripiens geminas, ripis cedentibus, ollas,

and so forth. You are the vase of earth; beware of knocking yourself against the vase of iron."

"The vase of earth," said Glenvarloch, "will avoid the encounter, by getting ashore out of the current—I mean to go no more to court."

"O, to court you necessarily must go; you will find your Scotch suit move ill without it, for there is both patronage and favour necessary to enforce the sign-manual you have obtained. Of that we will speak more hereafter; but tell me in the meanwhile, my dear Nigel, whether you did not wonder to see me here so early?"

"I am surprised that you could find me out in this obscure corner," said Lord Glenvarloch.

"My page Lutin is a very devil for that sort of discovery," replied Lord Dalgarno; "I have but to say, 'Goblin, I would know where he or she dwells,' and he guides me thither as if by art magic."

"I hope he waits not now in the street, my lord," said Nigel; "I will send my servant to seek him."

"Do not concern yourself—he is by this time," said Lord Dalgarno, "playing at hustle-cap and chuck-farthing with the most blackguard imps upon the wharf, unless he hath foregone his old customs."

"Are you not afraid," said Lord Glenvarloch, "that in such company his morals may become depraved?"

"Let his company look to their own," answered Lord Dalgarno coolly; "for it will be a company of real fiends in which Lutin cannot teach more mischief than he can learn: he is, I thank the gods, most thoroughly versed in evil for his years. I am spared the trouble of looking after his moralities, for nothing can make them either better or worse."

"I wonder you can answer this to his parents, my lord," said Nigel.

"I wonder where I should find his parents," replied his companion, "to render an account to them."

"He may be an orphan," said Lord Nigel; "but surely, being a page in your lordship's family, his parents must be of rank."

"Of as high rank as the gallows could exalt them to," replied Lord Dalgarno with the same indifference; "they were both hanged, I believe—at least the gipsies, from whom I bought him five years ago, intimated as much to me.—You are surprised at this, now. But is it not better, that instead of a lazy, conceited, whey-faced slip of gentility, to whom, in your old-world idea of the matter, I was bound to stand Sir Pedagogue, and see that he washed his hands and face, said his prayers, learned his *accidens*, spoke no naughty words, brushed his hat, and wore his best doublet only of Sunday,—that instead of such a Jacky Goodchild, I should have something like this?"

He whistled shrill and clear, and the page he spoke of darted into the room, almost with the effect of an actual apparition. From his height he seemed but fifteen, but, from his face, might be two or even three years older, very neatly made, and richly dressed: with a thin bronzed

visage, which marked his gipsey descent, and a pair of sparkling black eyes, which seemed almost to pierce through those whom he looked at.

"There he is," said Lord Dalgarno, "fit for every element—prompt to execute every command, good, bad, or indifferent—unmatched in his tribe, as rogue, thief, and liar."

"All which qualities," said the undaunted page, "have each in turn stood your lordship in stead."

"Out, you imp of Satan!" said his master; "vanish—begone—or my conjuring rod goes about your ears." The boy turned, and disappeared as suddenly as he had entered. "You see," said Lord Dalgarno, "that in choosing my household, the best regard I can pay to gentle blood, is to exclude it from my service—that very gallows-bird were enough to corrupt a whole antichamber of pages, though they were descended from Kings and Kesars."

"I can scarce think that a nobleman should need the offices of such an attendant as your goblin," said Nigel; "you are but jesting with my inexperience."

"Time will shew whether I jest or not, my dear Nigel," replied Dalgarno; "in the mean time, I have to propose to you to take the advantage of the flood-tide, to run up the river for pastime; and at noon I trust you will dine with me."

Nigel acquiesced in a plan which promised so much amusement; and his new friend and he, attended by Lutin and Moniplies, who greatly resembled, when thus associated, the conjunction of a bear and a monkey, took possession of Lord Dalgarno's wherry, which, with its badged watermen, bearing his lordship's crest on their arms, lay in readiness to receive them. The air was delightful upon the river; and the lively conversation of Lord Dalgarno added zest to the pleasures of the little voyage. He could not only give an account of the various public buildings and noblemen's houses which they passed in ascending the Thames, but knew how to season his information with abundance of anecdote, political inuendo, and personal scandal: if he had not very much wit, he was at least completely master of the fashionable tone, which

in that time, as in ours, more than amply supplies any deficiency of the kind.

It was a style of conversation entirely new to his companion, as was the world which Lord Dalgarno opened to his observation; and it is no wonder that Nigel, notwithstanding his natural good sense and high spirit, admitted, more readily than seemed consistent with either, the tone of authoritative instruction which his new friend assumed towards him. There would, indeed, have been some difficulty in making a stand. To attempt a high and stubborn tone of morality, in answer to the light strain of Lord Dalgarno's conversation, which kept on the frontiers between jest and earnest, would have seemed pedantic and ridiculous; and every attempt which Nigel made to combat his companion's propositions, by reasoning as jocose as his own, only shewed his inferiority in that gay species of controversy. And it must be owned, besides, though internally disapproving much of what he heard, Lord Glenvarloch was less alarmed by the language and manners of his new associate, than in prudence he ought to have been.

Lord Dalgarno was unwilling to startle his proselyte, by insisting upon any topic which appeared particularly to jar with his habits or principles; and he blended his mirth and his earnest so dexterously, that it was impossible for Nigel to discover how far he was serious in his propositions, or how far they flowed from a wild and extravagant spirit of raillery. And, ever and anon, those flashes of spirit and honour crossed his conversation, which seemed to intimate, that when stirred to action by some adequate motive, Lord Dalgarno would prove something very different from the court-haunting and ease-loving voluptuary, which he was pleased to represent as his chosen character.

As they returned down the river, Lord Glenvarloch remarked, that the boat passed the mansion of Lord Huntinglen, and noticed the circumstance to Lord Dalgarno, observing, that he thought they were to have dined there. "Surely no," said the young nobleman, "I have more mercy on you than to gorge you a second time with raw beef and canary wine. I propose something better for you, I promise you, than such a

second Scythian festivity. And as for my father, he proposes to dine to-day with my grave, ancient Earl of Northampton, whilome that celebrated putter-down of pretended prophecies, Lord Henry Howard."

"And do you not go with him?" said his companion.

"To what purpose?" said Lord Dalgarno. "To hear his wise lordship speak musty politics in false Latin, which the old fox always uses, that he may give the learned Majesty of England an opportunity of correcting his slips in grammar? That were a rare employment!"

"Nay," said Lord Nigel, "but out of respect, to wait on my lord your father."

"My lord my father," replied Lord Dalgarno, "has blue-bottles enough to wait on him, and can well dispense with such a butterfly as myself. He can lift the cup of sack to his head without my assistance; and should the said paternal head turn something giddy, there be men enough to guide his right honourable lordship to his lordship's right honourable couch. Now, do not stare at me, Nigel, as if my words were to sink the boat

with us. I love my father—I love him dearly—and I respect him too, though I respect not many things; a trustier old Trojan never belted a broad-sword by a loop of leather. But what then? He belongs to the old world, I to the new. He has his follies, I have mine; and the less either of us sees of the other's peccadilloes, the greater will be the honour and respect—that, I think, is the proper phrase,—I say, the *respect* in which we shall hold each other. Being apart, each of us is himself, such as nature and circumstances have made him; but couple us up too closely together, you will be sure to have in your leash either an old hypocrite or a young one, or perhaps both the one and t'other.

As he spoke thus, the boat put into the landing-place at Blackfriar's. Lord Dalgarno sprung ashore, and flinging his cloak and rapier to his page, recommended to his companion to do the like. "We are coming among press of gallants," he said; "and if we walk thus muffled, we shall look like your tawney-visaged Don, who wraps him close in his cloak, to conceal the defects of his doublet."

"I have known many an honest man do that, if it please your lordship," said Richie Moniplies, who had been watching for an opportunity to intrude himself on the conversation, and probably remembered what had been his own condition, in respect to cloth and doublet, at a very recent period.

Lord Dalgarno stared at him, as if surprised at his assurance; but immediately answered, "You may have known many things, friend; but, in the meanwhile, you do not know what principally concerns your master, namely, how to carry his cloak, so as to shew to advantage the gold-laced seams, and the lining of sables. See how Lutin holds the sword, with the cloak cast partly over it, yet so as to set off the embossed hilt, and the silver work of the mounting. —Give your familiar your sword, Nigel," he continued, addressing Lord Glenvarloch, "that he may practise a lesson in an art so necessary."

"Is it altogether prudent," said Nigel, unclasping his weapon, and giving it to Richie, "to walk entirely unarmed?"

"And wherefore not?" said his companion. "You are thinking now of Auld Reekie, as my

father fondly calls your good Scotch capital, where there is such bandying of private feuds and public factions, that a man of any note shall not cross your High Street twice, without endangering his life thrice. Here, sir, no brawling in the street is permitted. Your bull-headed citizen takes up the case so soon as the sword is drawn, and *clubs* is the word."

"And a hard word it is," said Richie, "as my brain-pan kens at this blessed moment."

"Were I your master, sirrah," said Lord Dalgarno, "I would make your brain-pan, as you call it, boil over, were you to speak a word to me before you were spoken to."

Richie murmured some indistinct answer, but took the hint, and ranked himself behind his master along with Lutin, who failed not to expose his new companion to the ridicule of the passers-by, by mimicking, as often as he could do so unobserved by Richie, his stiff and upright stalking gait and discontented physiognomy.

"And tell me now, my dear Malcolm," said Nigel, "where we are bending our course, and whether we shall dine at an apartment of yours."

"An apartment of mine—yes, surely," answered Lord Dalgarno, "you shall dine at an apartment of mine, and an apartment of yours, and of twenty gallants beside; and where the board shall present better cheer, better wine, and better attendance, than if our whole united exhibitions went to maintain it. We are going to the most noted ordinary of London."

"That is, in ordinary language, an inn or a tavern," said Nigel.

"An inn or a tavern, my most green and simple friend!" exclaimed Lord Dalgarno. "No, no—these are places where greasy citizens take pipe and pot, where the knavish pettifoggers of the law sponge on their most unhappy victims—where Templars crack jests as empty as their nuts, and where small gentry imbibe such thin potations, that they get dropsies instead of getting drunk. An ordinary is a late invented institution, sacred to Bacchus and Comus, where the first noble gallants of the time meet with the first and most ethereal wits of the age,—where the wine is the very soul of the choicest grape, refined as the genius of the poet, and ancient and generous as the blood of the nobles.

And then the fare is something beyond your ordinary gross terrestrial food! Sea and land are ransacked to supply it; and the invention of six ingenious cooks kept eternally upon the rack to make their art hold pace with, and if possible enhance, the exquisite quality of the materials."

"By all which rhapsody," said Lord Glenvarloch, "I can only understand, as I did before, that we are going to a choice tavern, where we shall be handsomely entertained, on paying probably as handsome a reckoning."

"Reckoning!" exclaimed Lord Dalgarno in the same tone as before, "perish the peasantly phrase! What profanation! Monsieur le Chevalier de Beaujeu, pink of Paris and flower of Gascony—he who can tell the age of his wine by the bare smell, who distils his sauces in an alembic by the aid of Lullie's philosophy,—who carves with such exquisite precision, that he gives to noble knight and squire the portion of the pheasant which exactly accords with his rank—nay, he who shall divide a becafico into twelve parts with such scrupulous exactness, that of twelve guests not one shall have the advantage of the other in a

hair's breadth, or the twentieth part of a drachm, yet you talk of him and of a reckoning in the same breath! Why, man, he is the well-known and general referee in all matters affecting the mysteries of Passage, Hazard, In and In, Penneeck and Verquire, and what not—why, Beaujeu is King of the Card-pack, and Duke of the Dice-box—*he* call a reckoning like a green-aproned, red-nosed, son of the vulgar spiggot! Oh, my dearest Nigel, what a word you have spoken, and of what a person! That you know him not, is your only apology for such blasphemy; and yet I scarce hold it adequate, for to have been a day in London and not to know Beaujeu, is a crime of its own kind. But you *shall* know him this blessed moment, and shall learn to hold yourself in horror for the enormities you have uttered."

"Well, but mark you," said Nigel, "this worthy chevalier keeps not all this good cheer at his own cost, does he?"

"No, no," answered Lord Dalgarno; "there is a sort of ceremony which my chevalier's friends and intimates understand, but with which you have no business at present. There is, as ma-

jesty might say, a *symbolum* to be disbursed—in other words, a mutual exchange of courtesies takes place betwixt Beaujeu and his guests. He makes them a free present of the dinner and wine, as often as they choose to consult their own felicity by frequenting his house at the hour of noon, and they, in gratitude, make the chevalier a present of a Jacobus. Then, you must know, that besides Comus and Bacchus, that princess of sublunary affairs, the Diva Fortuna, is frequently worshipped at Beaujeu's, and he, as officiating high-priest, hath, as in reason he should, a considerable advantage from a share of the sacrifice."

"In other words," said Lord Glenvarloch, "this man keeps a gaming-house."

"A house in which you may certainly game," said Lord Dalgarno, "as you may in your own chamber, if you have a mind; nay, I remember old Tom Tally played a hand at putt for a wager with Quinze le Va, the Frenchman, during morning prayers in Saint Paul's; the morning was misty, and the parson drowsy, and the whole audience consisted of themselves and a

blind old woman, and so they escaped detection."

"For all this, Malcolm," said the young lord, gravely, "I cannot dine with you to-day, at this same ordinary."

"And wherefore, in the name of Heaven, should you draw back from your word?" said Lord Dalgarno.

"I do not retract my word, Malcolm; but I am bound, by an early promise to my father, never to enter the doors of a gaming-house."

"I tell you this is none," said Lord Dalgarno; "it is but, in plain terms, an eating-house, arranged on civiller terms, and frequented by better company, than others in this town; and if some of them do amuse themselves with cards and hazard, they are men of honour, and who play as such, and for no more than they can well afford to lose. It was not, and could not be, such houses that your father desired you to avoid. Besides, he might as well have made you swear you would never take the accommodation of an inn, tavern, eating-house, or place of public reception of any kind; for there is no such

place of public resort but what your eyes may be therein contaminated by the sight of a pack of pieces of painted pasteboard, and your ears profaned by the rattle of those little spotted cubes of ivory. The difference is, that where we go, we may happen to see persons of quality amusing themselves with a game; and in the ordinary houses you will meet bullies and sharpers, who will strive either to cheat or to swagger you out of your money."

"I am sure you would not willingly lead me to do what is wrong," said Nigel; "but my father had a horror of games of chance, religious I believe, as well as prudential. He judged from I know not what circumstance, a fallacious one I should hope, that I had a propensity to such courses, and I have told you the promise which he exacted from me."

"Now, by my honour," said Dalgarno, "what you have said, affords the strongest reason for my insisting that you go with me. A man who would shun any danger, should first become acquainted with its real bearing and extent, and that in the company of a confidential guide and guard. Do

you think I myself game? Good faith, my father's oaks grow too far from London, and stand too fast rooted in the rocks of Perthshire, for me to troll them down with a die, though I have seen whole forests go down like nine-pins. No, no—these are sports for the wealthy Southron, not for the poor Scottish noble. The place is an eating-house, and as such you and I will use it. If others use it to game in, it is their fault, but neither that of the house nor ours."

Unsatisfied with this reasoning, Nigel still insisted upon the promise he had given to his father, until his companion appeared rather displeased, and disposed to impute to him injurious and unhandsome suspicions. Lord Glenvarloch could not stand this change of tone: He recollected that much was due from him to Lord Dalgarno, on account of his father's ready and efficient friendship, and something also on account of the frank manner in which the young man himself had offered him his intimacy. He had no reason to doubt his assurances that the house where they were about to dine did not fall under the description of places to which his

father's prohibition referred; and, finally, he was strong in his own resolution to resist every temptation to join in games of chance. He therefore pacified Lord Dalgarno, by intimating his willingness to go along with him; and the good humour of the young courtier instantaneously returning, he again ran on in a grotesque and rhodomontade account of the host, Monsieur de Beaujeu, which he did not conclude until they had reached the Temple of Hospitality over which that eminent professor presided.

END OF VOLUME FIRST.

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